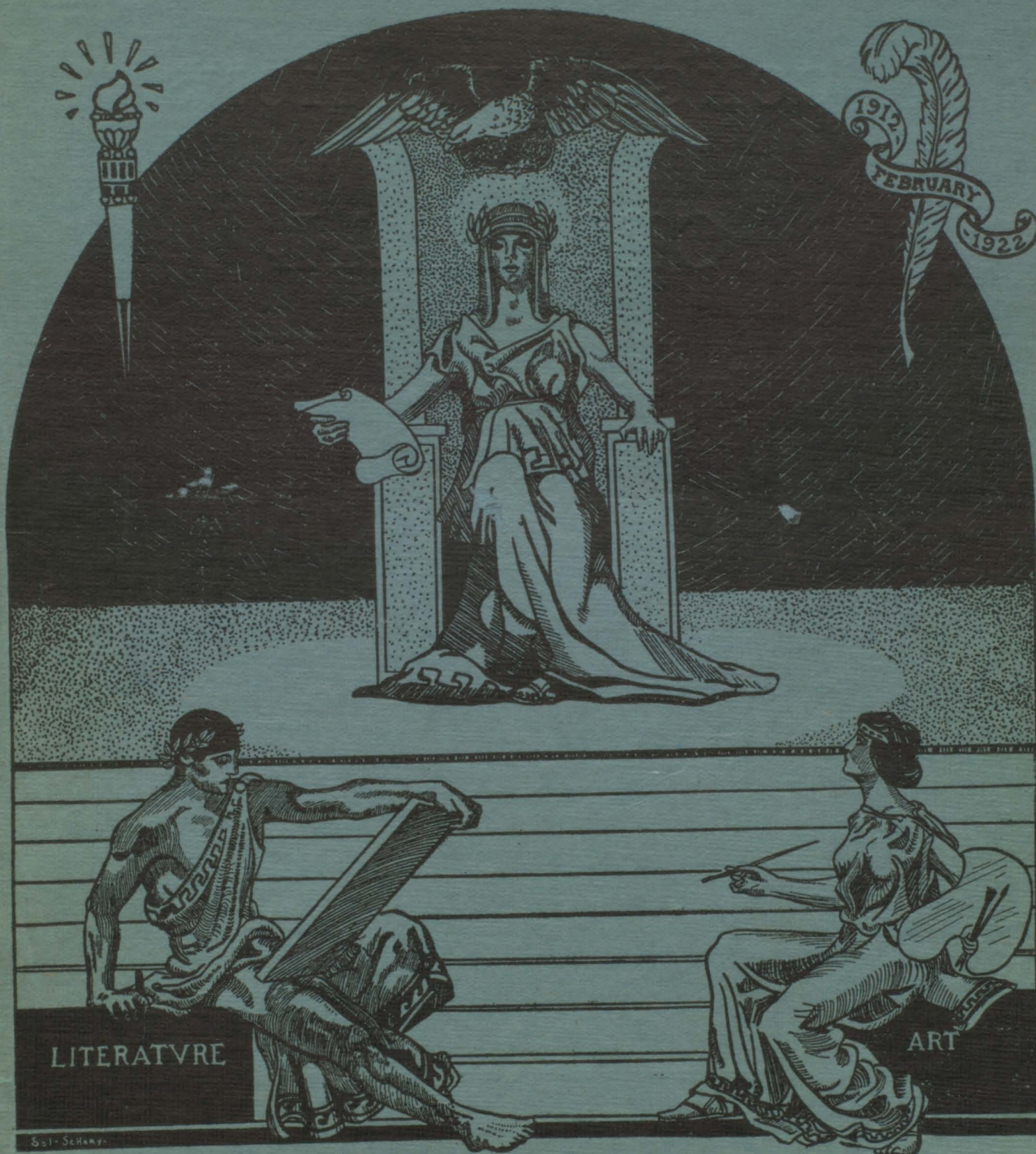


THE PIVOT

TENTH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

:

NEWARK, N.J.

CONGRATULATIONS CENTRAL

Just the class of '22,
Doing as all others do,
Cheering, Praising, loving you!
Alma Mater! Central High!

SENIOR A CLASS

February, 1922

COME TO OUR
TENTH ANNUAL INDOOR ATHLETIC MEET
and
Fifth National Indoor
Interscholastic Championships

at
113th REGIMENT ARMORY
(Old First)

SUSSEX AVENUE AND JAY STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

(Take Central Avenue or Roseville Car to Jay Street)

Saturday Evening, March 4, 1922

8:00 P. M.

DANCING 10-12

MILITARY BAND

A. A. U. EVENTS

70 YARD HANDICAP (Handicap Limit 10 Feet)
70 YARD LOW HURDLE HANDICAP (Handicap Limit 12 Feet)
1 MILE COLLEGE RELAY (Invitation)
880 YARD ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL (Invitation)
440 YARD HANDICAP (Handicap Limit 18 Yards)
1 MILE HANDICAP (Handicap Limit 70 Yards)

INTERSCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONSHIPS

70 YARD DASH	1 MILE RUN
220 YARD DASH	70 YARD HIGH HURDLES
440 YARD DASH	RUNNING HIGH JUMP
880 YARD RUN	SHOT PUT—12 Pounds

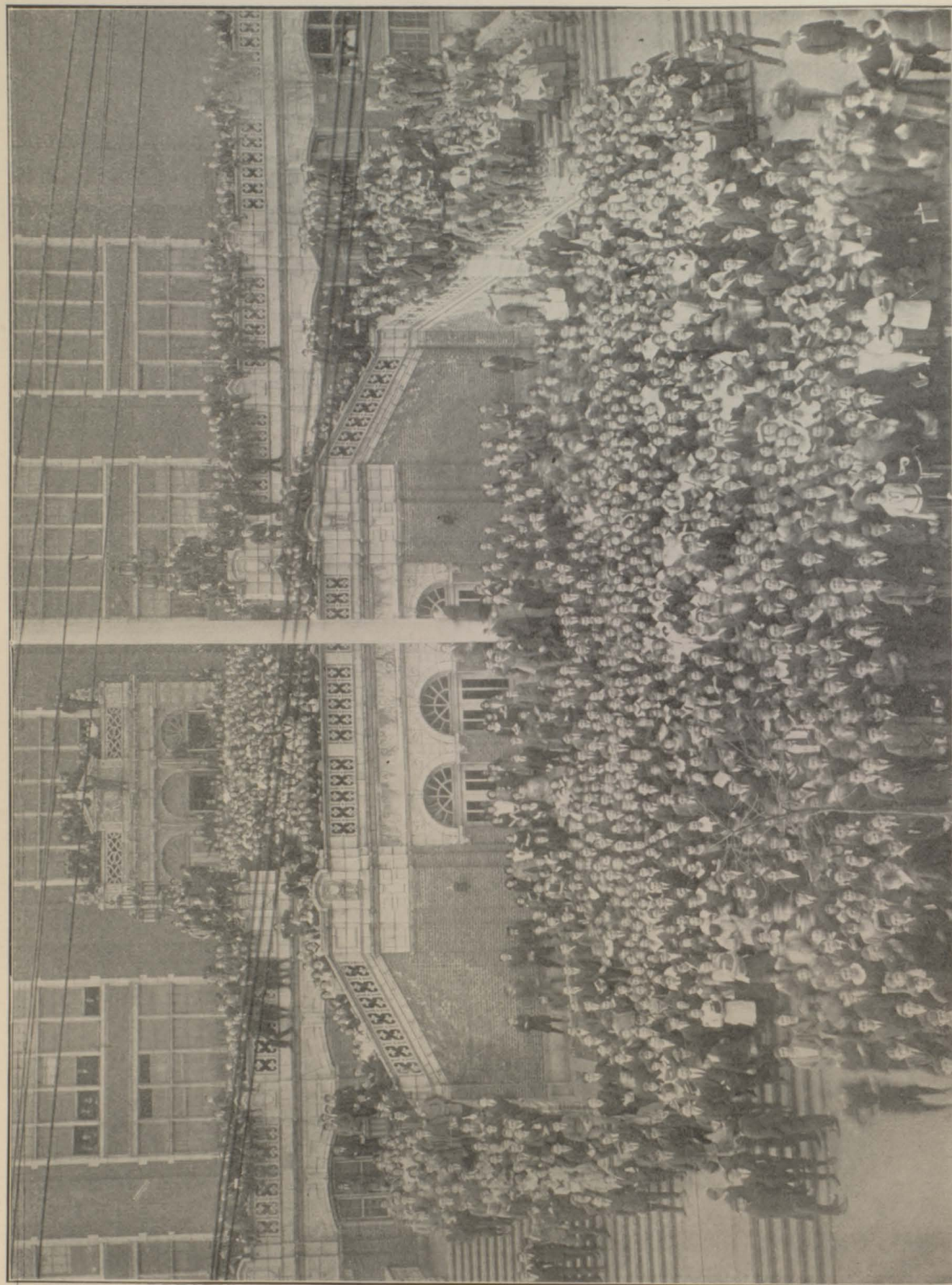
CLOSED EVENTS

113th REGIMENT INTERBATTALION 778 YARD RELAY
(4 Men, Each Running 1 Lap)

C. H. S. INTERCLASS 1 MILE RELAY
(9 Boys, Each Running 1 Lap)

Unparalleled Array of A. A. U. and College Stars in A. A. U. Events
Biggest High and Prep. Schools in Interscholastic Championships
108 Central Boys in C. H. S. Interclass Relay

ADMISSION - - 75 CENTS



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL IN BODY

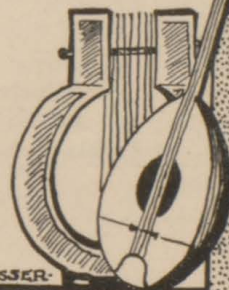
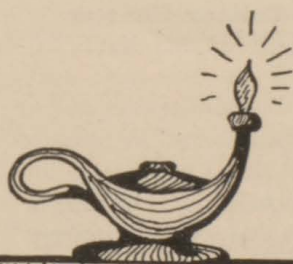
THE PIVOT

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THE PIVOT

NEWARK,

JANUARY, 1922

NEW JERSEY

Published on the first Wednesday of every month in the interest of and by the pupils of the Central Commercial and Manual Training High School. For advertising rates communicate with the Business Manager of The Pivot.

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VOL. XVII

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, NEWARK, N. J.

No. 2

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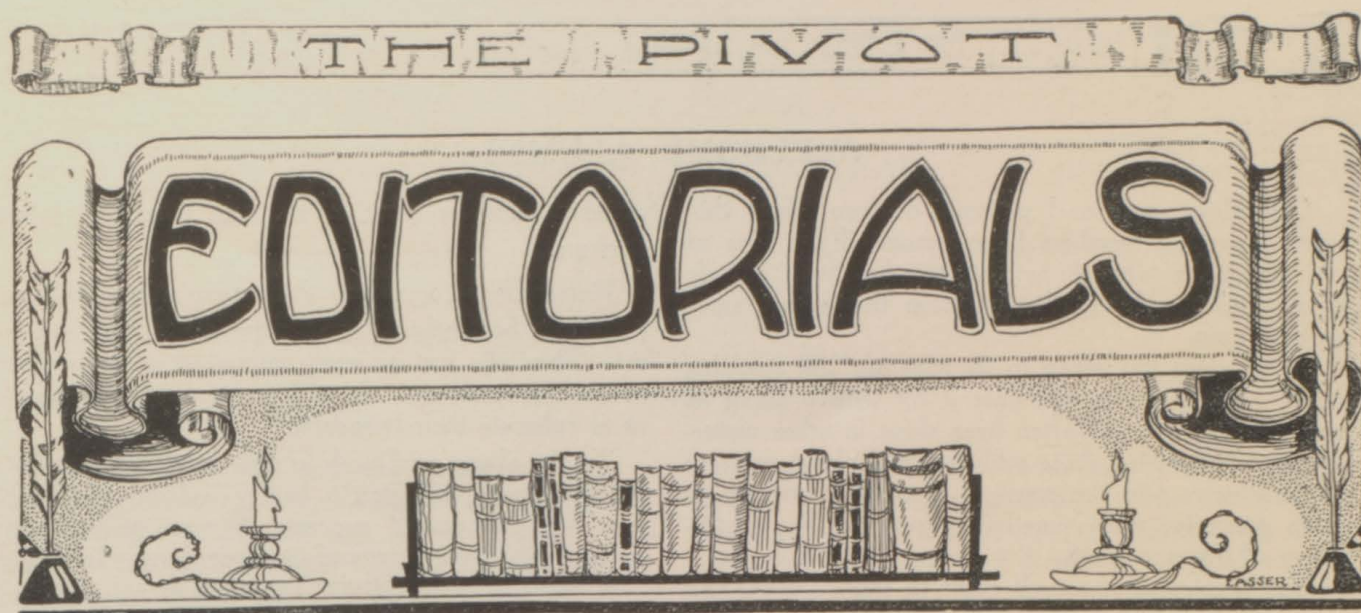
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TO CENTRAL

February, 1922

Ten palpitating years

Have gone since first thy portals were flung wide,
Years that have rocked the earth with doubts and
fears,
Drenched it in bloody tide.

And thou hast nobly wrought

To raise a new world from the wrack of old;

To fashion men and women large in thought,
Able and true and bold.

As fairer days shall dawn,

We pray that thou shalt evermore be true—
True to the vision that has led thee on
To see, and dare, and do.

O. W. S.

A MESSAGE

Central High School,
January 4, 1922.

Dear Friends and Fellow Students:

In opening this book you will find the history of the greatest school in our city. No doubt you have entered these portals, and, after accomplishing the requirements, have gone into the world to take your place. We who remain are doing the same. We are preparing ourselves now to take our places in the social, business and political world. In us you will find the seeds of future generations who will strive to keep up with the great of today. We are beginning to realize in a small measure only what is being done for us by the great men living today. They are trying to abolish the greatest of all curses, war, so that we may not know of its cruelties and hardships. Some of us have seen the sufferings, yes some of us have taken part in the great struggle for the right. Will we so easily forget? No! We must strive to help those who are fighting a battle of words for us, those who want to make this world safe for us to live in.

The time is here when some of us are parting from this our second home, Central. To you I say, be

courageous, be strong, play the game of life squarely. Do not be tempted by gilded cages or fine words. Pick your own path, make sure that it is right, and then stick to it. You who are leaving will go into the world to represent us who remain. Be sure that you make a favorable impression, so that we may benefit by your actions. Do not be selfish. Remember that this Alma Mater of ours is willing to help you always. To those who remain I say, "Prepare for the coming battle, the greatest of all—the battle of life." Central is a training camp. The drill is hard, but it will make the battle easier. Let us so train ourselves as to conquer all things that come in our way to wrest happiness and contentment from us.

To our friends who have helped to make this issue of *THE PIVOT* a success, I wish to extend, in the name of Central High School, our most sincere and heartfelt thanks. In this issue we have tried to show you what we are doing. We hope that you will be interested in our welfare in the future as you have been in the past.

Although it is rather late, we will take this opportunity of wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year.

L. G.

THE PIVOT

WELCOME, ALUMNI

Centralites, past and present, do you know that some far-seeing members have conceived the idea of organizing an alumni association that will include every student who graduated from this school since its beginning.

What does this mean to us who are still studying here? Many of us will pass it by with a shrug of the shoulders, as has often been done in other undertakings. However, those with true red blood coursing in their veins and the spirit of Central inculcated in them properly, will immediately perceive the significance of this movement.

The Central alumni will come to stay. What can we do to help them? First of all, we must encourage them. Let us not act as strangers to them. It will

prove a valuable asset, if we treat them like fellow students.

Remember, comrades, this organization will not only be a brotherhood for the graduates, but also for us. They are just as much interested in our welfare as are our teachers. It will prove very beneficial to us to cultivate their friendship.

To the alumni: I wish to state here that we, THE PIVOT Board, bid you a hearty welcome and wish you "Les plus grand" success. We are willing to co-operate with you in any manner or form you desire. The pages of THE PIVOT are open to you. It will be a medium through which you can air your views as we do.

L. G.

COUGHING MUST STOP

Stop that cough! Do not think, fellow students, that I am trying to sell you a cough medicine. No, no, far be it from me to stoop so low as to sell that worthy bottle of promises. By asking you to stop that cough, I mean that all coughing in the auditorium should be stopped during services in the morning.

When a speaker gets on the platform to deliver a message to you, it is not proper for you to cough. An interruption of this kind may confuse the speaker. Remember that you are due to speak on that platform some day. Be courteous enough not to cough when others speak, or you will probably receive a dose of your own medicine.

Several times that Mr. Wiener had spoken, coughs from students could be heard throughout the auditorium. Do you think it is proper to interrupt Mr.

Wiener in this way. It seems that when one person begins to cough, it is a signal for the rest to start. Suddenly coughs are heard from all parts of the auditorium, as if in answer to the challenge of the first cough. This must stop. We only show up our ignorance and our vulgar manners when we annoy by coughing. Let us stamp out this evil. I know very well that the weather is bad, and most of us are afflicted with catarrh. Still, if it is necessary for any of us to cough, put a handkerchief up to the mouth, and make the least noise possible. This action will not only be appreciated by the speakers in the auditorium, but by ourselves, because we will be able to hear better; and when we deliver our talks, our listeners will not confuse us. Help the school and help us by stopping your cough in the auditorium.

L. G.

CENTRAL AS A PIONEER

Central was the first high school in Newark:

1. To teach American as part of the course in English.
2. To advocate the study conference plan.
3. To operate on an all-year basis.
4. To abolish Class Day as a waste of time and hindrance to decorum.
5. To publish a senior issue as part of the school publication.
6. To make assembly talks compulsory for every student.
7. To prepare uniform spelling lessons and memory selections.
8. To teach business correspondence systematically to all students.

9. To study newspapers and magazines as part of the work in English.

10. To make contemporary drama part of the course in English.

11. To establish scholarship pins.

12. To establish a general organization to supervise all student activities.

13. To establish service clubs for the betterment of the school and student body.

14. To teach advertising as a part of the work in business English.

15. To establish a technical club; which led to the establishment of the "Technical Society of New Jersey."

THE PIVOT

CENTRAL'S TENTH YEAR ANNIVERSARY

High above the busy city,
Far beyond all touch of ill,
Sits enthroned our Alma Mater,
Our dear Lady of the Hill.

Are we above the busy city? Do we want to keep away from the lively current of action surrounding us? Do we fear for any ills which might touch our dear Lady of the Hill? Ten years ago we were justified in fearing any ills which might touch our school "high above the busy city." But do we now need to concern ourselves with superior airs? On the contrary, we must put forth our strongest efforts to keep pace with our growing city.

No longer "above the busy city," we are directly in the centre of its maelstrom of life. We are undoubtedly just what our "travelling salesman," THE PIVOT, signifies.

And have we fallen into the background while the city has grown around us? The following facts may tend to answer the question:

When the school was opened in February, 1912, there were only two clerks in the office to manage the affairs of the school. About six clerks—and very efficient ones, at that—are now used. At that time, too, the fourth floor of the building was not yet completed, but, as far as records show, no inconvenience was suffered by anyone because of its unfinished state. Now, I dare say that we could very readily make necessary and good use of an additional floor. As for teachers,

there are more than twice as many constituting the present school faculty as at first. The student body of the school, now numbering 2,250 pupils, also shows an increase of more than double the original number. The curriculum of the school ten years ago covered four courses—commercial, general, college preparatory and manual training—whereas now the original four courses are taught with two additional courses—technical and home economics.

Our successes in the world of sports do not require detailed explanation. In fact, it can be truthfully said that there is not one department in the school which has not been improved or enlarged in some way.

But we should not be satisfied with our present improvements and achievements. Central High School has fought and won during its "infancy," and is determined, by putting forth every effort, to keep up the fight, always loyally defending her Alma Mater and using it as a reminder of how much we have improved and how much more we are going to improve. Central is going to keep up the good work until she has attained the highest possible rung in the ladder of fame, bearing in mind always her motto, now so often proved to the word, "Central leads and others follow."

ANNA KITZMAN.

THE GOLDEN VOICE

(*La Tribuna*, Sept. 3, 1921.)

How sweet that voice that stirred the world
From north, south, east and west.
How sweet that man, that voice of gold,
Forever gone to rest.

Dead is the man, and dead the voice,
That to this world did yield,
Peace, happiness, rejoicefulness,
And fame, that voice had pealed.

Oh! What a gift He sent the world;
What a gift He did strip

From us, who loved and loved that voice,
That name, e'er on our lip.

Will e'er a voice like the one
That faded with the night,
E'er come back to this land of praise,
That honors music right.

Dead is the voice, great is the loss;
His name will live, his voice
Will e'er be heard, all will rejoice
The man, the golden voice.

—FRANK PITUOCO.

CITY OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

ALEXANDER ARCHIBALD
MAYOR

December 30, 1921.

Mr. Louis Goldman,
Editor-in-Chief,
"The Pivot",
Central High School,
Newark, New Jersey.

My dear Mr. Goldman:

Congratulations to Central upon its tenth birthday! May it continue in the years to come in the important and prominent position it occupies in the educational world of Newark.

Do you Boys and Girls know that Newark is famed far and wide for its schools? Our youths are to be found today studying in the classes of universities in every section of the land and many of them may be found in the conservatories of Europe. It is my fondest hope that in a very short while you will take their places. Permit me to urge you to remain at school as long as you can.

Keep before you always the fact that the men and women now prominent in the civic, business and social life of this city were the boys and girls of yesterday. Although Central is but ten years old, many members of its first classes already have risen to prominence. And if you should ask them what contributed to their success, they would tell you, I am sure, that it has been due largely to the educational foundation they received at Central.

Always remember, Boys and Girl, that if we are to be happy and contented in life, we must be workers. The shirker is at peace neither with himself nor his companions. Work brings success and success makes for contentment. So, if your studies seem arduous, or you get the notion that you can slip through without striving hard and continuously, cast the idea out of your head immediately. The very thought is your enemy, for it leads to laziness and shirking.

I should like to see every one of you go through Central to graduation and then continue your studies in the universities and colleges. Newark would be a better city then enjoying, as she would, the material benefits that spring from a splendid, learned citizenry.

Again, you have my sincere congratulations and my heartiest good wishes for success in the years to come.

With kind personal regards, believe me,

Sincerely,

A. ARCHIBALD,
Mayor.

THE PIVOT

CITY OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY
DEPARTMENT OF REVENUE AND FINANCE

FREDERICK C. BREIDENBACH
DIRECTOR

Dec. 31, 1921.

Mr. Louis Goldman,
Editor-in-Chief,
"The Pivot",
Central High School,
Newark, New Jersey.

My Dear Mr. Goldman:

Please convey my heartiest congratulations to the splendid faculty and student body of Central Commercial and Manual Training High School upon the occasion of the Tenth Anniversary of the founding of the School.

I recall very well that the erection of your magnificent building aroused the people of Newark to a deep feeling of pride and admiration. To my mind, it is a striking circumstance that Central overlooks the business district of Newark into which it sends each year scores of young boys and girls who join in the thriving activity of our commercial world and who eventually become the very heart-blood of its existence. Almost daily I come in contact with young men and women who were Central students at some time during the past ten years, many of whom later advanced themselves still further by continuing their studies in college, and all of whom by their good citizenship and learning reflect credit and distinction on Central.

I deem it a privilege to be permitted to congratulate your school, its faculty and its student body on this occasion, and in doing so I shall take the liberty of adding that I have every confidence in the future progress and prosperity of the school and the succeeding groups of students it sends out into the world as time goes on.

With all good wishes, I remain,

Very truly yours,

FREDERICK C. BREIDENBACH,
Director of Revenue and Finance.

FCB:F

OFFICE OF
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
NEWARK, N. J.

December 29, 1921.

Mr. Louis Goldman, Editor-in-Chief,
The Pivot,
Central High School,
Newark, N. J.

Dear Mr. Goldman:

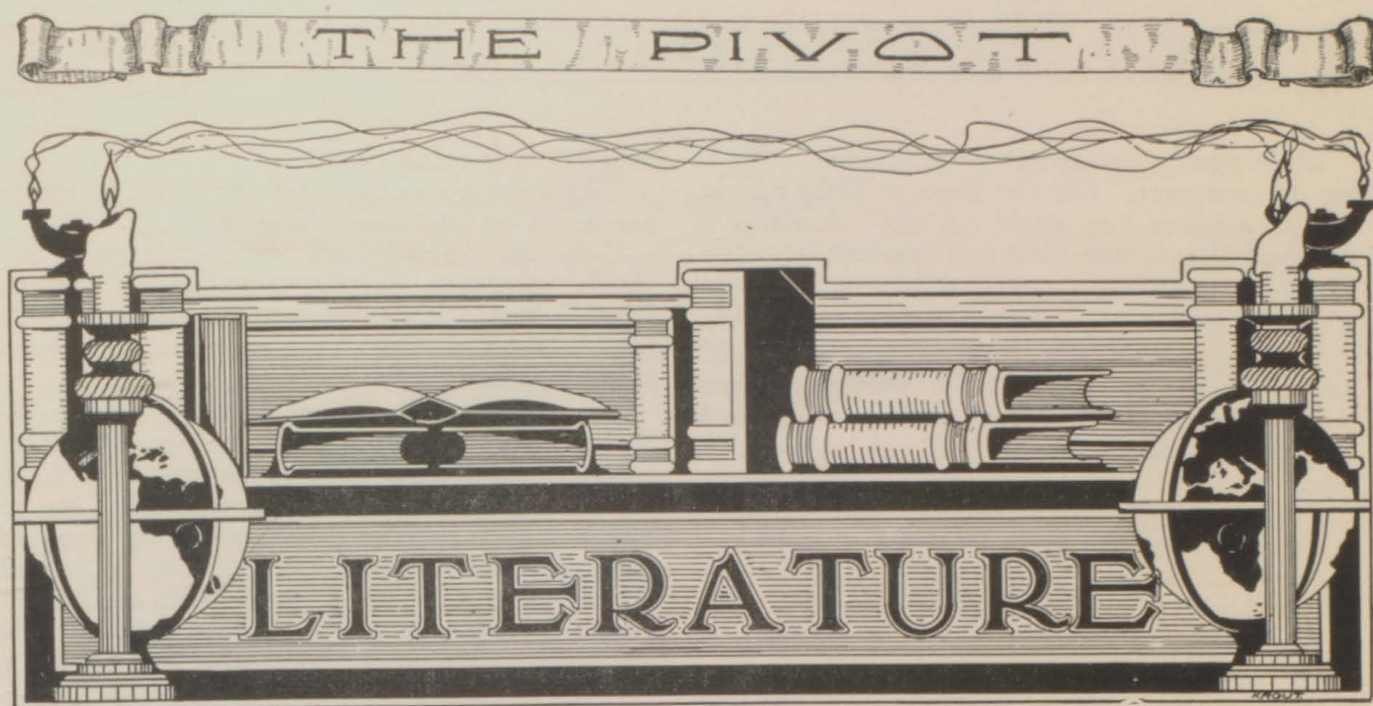
Please accept my congratulations on the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the Central High School. The spirit of the young men and young women has always impressed me as being friendly and generous. Every appeal made to them receives a most hearty response. The devotion of teachers and pupils to the welfare of the school is worthy of high commendation.

The school is well-known because of the many and diverse opportunities for improvement to be found there. It has done pioneer work in several departments. It is imbued with a great desire for doing things in a progressive manner. It is my cordial wish that the record of the next decade may even surpass that of the last in achievement and in happiness for the young people who have the privilege of studying under the guidance of its faculty.

Yours sincerely,

DAVID B. CORSON,
Superintendent of Schools.

DBC:KMM



THE THRESHOLD OF LIFE

By SADIE ROTHMAN

My childhood days are over
And I am doomed—a rover
On Life's tempestuous ever-rolling sea—
And I just think and wonder
"Shall I go up or under—
What—*what* does Life retain in store for me!"

And thinking so, I shudder—
I dare not take the rudder
To sail alone—alone, to what may be!
My soul cries out to stay me
It hastens to waylay me
It weeps—I go—in all humility.

Oh days of joy and pleasure
Of worth I cannot measure;
You're going—trooping, slowly surely past;
I would I could retain you
And graspingly restrain you—
But go! I falter not! My soul is fast!

But by the God in Heaven
Or all if there be seven
I swear that Life shall yield me what I ask;
I shall not stop to wonder
If I'll go up or under
"I'm making good"—no matter what the task.

THE AWAKENING

By ELIZABETH M. HAAS

Dolly was outraged. Of all the impossible things, this was the most inexplicable and annoying.

She, Dolly Larkin, not president of her class! Her first feeling, when the outcome of the class ballot was announced, was one of amusement. As Margaret Dale stood up and acknowledged the vote of her classmates, Dolly's amazement was unlimited.

Margaret was quiet, but respected by her classmates. She was a newcomer at Madison High. Dolly, on the other hand, had started in her freshman year. She was a well-bred girl, her scholarship was high and her teachers were very fond of her. Then, thought Dolly, her usual sense of justice enveloped in her hurt pride, "Who was responsible for the success of the bazaars at school for the class treasury? Who was head of the dance committee and who was the

best girl swimmer and athlete in school?" She, Dolly Larkin, of course. So that was all they thought of the way she had worked for school organizations. She was through, absolutely through with everyone. Let the president of the class appoint committees, she would not serve on one, she resolved, the tears coursing down her face.

That night Mrs. Larkin wondered why Dolly shouted at her brother for having a rough and tumble while she was studying. Dolly was too angry to stop to consider the matter impartially, and she fumed inwardly. They were all jealous of her; they didn't appreciate her efforts; they—she slammed her book shut, realizing her studies were futile. What did she care anyway! With this thought Dolly lulled herself to sleep.

THE PIVOT

Music was the first subject on her schedule. "Wish the day was over," was the theme of Dolly's brain. All the questions they would ask her! A glance at the board showed that a test was imminent.

"Hello, Dolly, what do you think of the election?" Thorne called out in passing.

"I certainly am pleased, Margaret is a lovely girl," quoth this age-old diplomat. It was poor sportsmanship to grumble she knew, but her thoughts were her own. Finished with her test, she whispered to Nora.

"I've almost finished my sweater now. Wearing it Thursday to go skating."

"Miss Larkin, bring your paper here immediately," Mr. Arthur's voice broke in. Dolly obeyed.

"I suppose you are aware that talking is not permitted during an examination?" was the scathing question. This in front of the whole class, and from her favorite teacher! It was the last straw.

"Yes, but—"

"That is enough," and Dolly's paper was ripped and thrown into the basket. Was there ever a school like Madison High? If she had only gone to Morland. The students were much better there, and the teachers were more lenient.

Somehow the day passed, and slipping out of school she started for home. All her friends annoyed her. She wanted to be alone. Dolly was glad this was Friday. In the trolley car she sat behind two girls. As she gazed out of the window, Dolly overheard her name. The two girls in front were talking about her. "Freshmen," she soliloquized.

"Did you know that Margaret Dale was elected president of the 4A class?" asked the smaller of the two.

"I thought Dolly Larkin would surely get it," confided the other. "She is always doing something for the school."

"My brother said she was a very talented girl, but she did everything selfishly. To work in a class organization with her was impossible, she did every-

thing her way or not at all."

"Well, she is a nice girl, anyhow," said the smaller one stoutly, as they rose to leave the car.

Dolly sat perfectly still, furiously angry. Her muscles were tense, her lips compressed to keep the hot tears back. It was almost too much for her. At last she reached home, and, supperless, pleading a headache, she rushed to her room.

After turning over the question in her mind, like the brave little sport that she was, a paper labeled pro and con, and a pencil were the instruments to decide the question. Dolly's face crimsoned when she recalled that she decorated the gym for the prom because someone said Margaret could do it as well. Suddenly she realized that all her club memberships were simply for the swelling of her activities. She was selfish, self-centered and, having discovered herself, she was sorry.

"They were right," whispered Dolly humbly.

A decision was not long in forthcoming. She was big enough to acknowledge her faults.

The next morning Mr. Arthur called her to his desk and said Nora had fully explained the whispering. He was sorry. Dolly almost danced back to her seat.

At class meeting a certain young lady volunteered her services whenever they were needed to the great joy of the president. So this was the feeling that her principal spoke so often about. The joy of serving, being a cog in a wheel, being one of a vast majority, working without praise. After all these years she was beginning to estimate the worth of the thought expressed to her every day by her teachers and principal.

Speeding home in the twilight, the snow clinging to her clothing, singing happily, softly to herself, Dolly caused many passersby to smile amusedly. An old man shook his gray head wistfully at the buoyancy of youth and the theme of her song.

"All's well! All's well! All's well that ends well!"

THE BATTLE OF WORDS

HELEN PETERSON

Before the greatest of them all
Abe Lincoln took his stand,
He battered down the heavy wall
Of Douglas and his band.

Like thunderbolts he launched them forth
Each mighty living word;
His speeches rang from South to North,
They thrilled each one who heard.

The words of Douglas rang not true,
Their meanings were obscure;

He tried to please a chosen few,
By falseness did he lure.

Now here, now there, from North to South
The war between them raged,
It was a battle of the mouth
In which these men engaged.

But when at last the end drew near,
Great Douglas met defeat,
And Lincoln, now to all hearts dear,
Won the presidential seat.

A COWARD

BY ELSA MALARSIE

One winter evening a group of young girls sat huddled around the library fire of Madame Beaumont's Seminary, listening with awe and eager aspect to the whispered directions of Gerry Denville, a merry blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl, admired for her everlasting wit and jollity.

The door presently admitted amidst their subdued conversation a newcomer, Cora Richmond, whom the girls immediately surrounded. This delicate slip of a damsel with raven locks that fell softly around the delicately moulded face and down the white arched throat, was a special favorite to all.

"Oh Cora, so glad you came," commenced Gerry nestling herself casually to the girl's side, "of course you know Madame leaves for town tomorrow morning and returns two days later, so—" lowering her voice considerably, "we ten girls are going to have a dandy party all by ourselves in our room."

"With Madame's consent?" asked Cora quizzically.

"I should say not, she'd never give us permission," answered Gerry tartly, while a pout puckered her pretty mouth, but added with a cunning coy air, "the sweets are to be smuggled while we see Madame off, so we'll never get caught."

"I'd rather not join you girls for somehow or other I could scarcely enjoy myself that way—" her voice trailed off and then continued hesitatingly. "I'm sorry but—" here Gerry interposed rashly.

"Nonsense you're a coward that's why; Madame never'd know unless you tattled."

Cora arose rather stiffly, her unusually large steel gray eyes gazed at Gerry from under their jet curling lashes with a wounded, grieved expression. Gerry flushed hotly, bit her lip and stammered:

"Forgive me—Cora dear, I—I didn't mean that." The other girl merely pressed her hand gently, smiled wanly, selected the book she came in search of, and left the room as silently as she had entered. The girls resumed their interrupted plans, but somehow or other a shadow blighted their heretofore jolly anticipations.

* * *

The following day was ushered in by howling winds and heavy snowfall, which as the hours glided swiftly by rapidly increased, until toward sundown a thick white downy mantle stretched for miles around. Madame Beaumont, however, undaunted by the ferocious force of the prevailing elements, departed that morning after careful instructions as to the general behavior of her students.

The girls designed to shun Cora, and even Gerry's attitude toward her was icy and distant; though their coldness stabbed Cora to the heart, she smiled mourn-

fully and continued her duties. Thus evening gradually set in amidst mysterious signalling across the aisles on the part of numerous students; and the teachers tired and fagged out from the bustling of the day, finally dismissed the girls. When Cora gained the desolate recess of the library she was on the verge of tears; her infinite trust in the girls was crushed and broken, especially so in Gerry. Coiling herself drearily on a divan, she watched the flickering flames dance merrily in the wide hearth as they threw their warm ruddy glow in the center of the dim room. Somehow or other a sense of drowsiness crept over her bruised spirit and the wind with its pitiful wails lulled her to rest, unbidden from without its night of storm.

How long Cora slept she did not know, but the sound of human voices awoke her with a start. Nearing the window she saw to her utter dismay men clearing a path for an automobile; a female's head protruded through the window ordering the toilers—it was Madame Beaumont!

Cora's first impulse was to warn the girls; up—up—, the marble steps flew her tiny feet; the walls re-echoed Gerry's silvery laughter as Cora breathless rushed in panting:

"Madame has returned!"

The girls petrified, stood rooted on the spot, but Cora's cool authoritative voice brought them to their senses.

"Come, there is not a moment to spare, rush off to your rooms and to bed, leave this mess to me, for Madame will be here shortly." Discovery meant expulsion, so with dazed white faces they partly ran, partly stumbled into their rooms, afraid even to cry. Gerry tore off her clothes hysterically while Cora nimbly commenced throwing all evidence under the bed; but ere half the things were cleared footsteps were heard ascending the stairs; Gerry sprang into bed, while Cora extinguished the light, but alas! it was too late, however, for Cora to reach her bed, hands already clutched the door knob, so with a surprising swiftness she crouched behind a huge chair.

Madame had had a nasty day, the traffic was blocked which forced her return, she felt immensely annoyed, altogether out of humor and was therefore bound to find fault with someone or something. The disturbed air and sudden silence, caused her to switch on the lights. What was her utter dismay and chagrin, when she beheld the wretched appearance of the room?

Cora confronted her, flushed and trembling; Madame was very angry. Her usually low cultured voice vibrated harshly through the dim corridors of that upper wing.

THE PIVOT

"What do you mean by this?" she pointed to the mess on the table. "Answer me!" she commanded, while a sneer twisted the ugly thin mouth.

"I have nothing to say, Madame," murmured Cora, almost inaudibly. Madame knew beforehand that nothing would induce the girl to disclose her knowledge of the miserable affair, but her nasty temper goaded her on.

"Very well, I will let the matter drop, my dear," she said in a none too amiable manner; "however, someone must pay the penalty by this deliberate disobedience and that someone shall be you."

"I shall set you as an example to the other girls," Madame proceeded, while a hard expression settled around her small dark beady eyes; and with an eloquent wave of her hand she continued in a clear, decisive tone, "Miss Richmond, you are expelled."

The girl, white-lipped, ejaculated, "Ma'am!"

"I repeat you are expelled, Miss; with the first train you depart, and by-the-by, you need not come whining to me in the morning, pleading for another chance—for it shan't be granted. Do you fully comprehend now, Miss Richmond?"

Cora acknowledged her reply by a slight inclination of her head; while both Madame Beaumont and Gerry witnessed the bitter smile that curved the firm lip, also the mournful light that loomed into the beautiful grey eye, and neither for far different reasons, felt the better thereafter.

Madame Beaumont's conscience pricked her far more than she cared to admit. Why had she been so rash and quick-tempered; the girl hadn't done anything so dreadful, after all! She couldn't bear the thought of Cora leaving her, she loved the child far too well for that. If there would only arise

some obstacle to prevent her from going or hinder her somehow—aye—anyway. Thus Madame pondered; and the pale sickly streaks of dawn stole through the heavy curtains ere sleep, tardy and disturbed, sealed Madame's eyes.

* * * * *

There was still an hour before breakfast and the usual group of girls in Agnes' room were silent and on the whole rather nervous. Gerry crouched on the floor heedless as to her disheveled appearance; her trembling fingers covered her tear-stained face, while from between her white lips she wailed:

"And the worst of it, girls, is—that I called her a coward—her a coward—dear little Cora—it was we—we—and oh! I—I the worst coward of all;" the miserable girl rocked herself to and fro, and moaned, "she's leaving us today—last night after Madame had left, do you think she'd reproach me—no, not even a word; and in her sweet kindly way said everything was all right—I needn't worry. Oh—if I could but forget her smile, her pitiful, pitiful smile," she faltered, gulped and raised herself with sudden alertness, while a fierce fire glinted in her vivid blue eyes as she continued in a subdued determined voice, "I am going to Madame and clear Cora. Do you choose to come or remain?"

No one dared to protest, but followed Gerry meekly. At the conclusion of their confession Madame dismissed the girls without a word, and rang for Cora. Madame Beaumont welcomed the girl with outstretched arms, and as gentle Cora was folded in the elder woman's tender embrace, Madame murmured brokenly as the tears dimmed her eyes:

"My dear child—I am so happy—so very happy."

END

AUTUMN IN THE GARDEN

SADIE ROTHMAN

Come out into the garden, love,
Where fragrant floats the air,
Where night heaves soft, like flutt'ring dove
Encircling love's sweet lair.

And there, my dear, we both shall dream
In song of rare design—
And there to us the flowers will seem
To worship at love's shrine.

The drowsing rose shall pour sweet smell
Into the mellow air—
The tinkle of the distant bell
Shall soothe away all care.

We both shall live again tonight
The sweet, sweet long ago—

Old Time shall take a backward flight,
The flow'r of Youth to sow.

Your silver hair shall change to gold;
Your heart remain the same—
While singing both, your hand I'll hold
To kindle Youth's pure flame.

We'll sing of Life, of Faith and Love,
My voice with yours shall twine;
Yours, pure and sweet, shall mount above
And then float back to mine.

Come out into the garden, Nell,
The sighing winds cry low;
The soothing sound of yonder bell
Doth weep that we should go.

NOSTER PRINCEPS NOBILIS



MR. WILLIAM WIENER
PRINCIPAL OF CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

Evening School Contributions.

U. S.

(Written by Montclair School Student in News)

There is a little monogram
We see where'er we go;
It offers us protection
Against a foreign foe,
It stands for light and progress
In every foreign clime,
And its glory and its greatness
Are the themes of many a rhyme.

But few have ever really known,
And few would ever guess,
What our country means by marking
All her chattels with U. S.
It may stand for the United States,
Or yet for Uncle Sam,
But there's still another meaning
To this simple monogram.

We see it on our bonds and bills
And on our railway cars,
It decorates our Capitol,
Shadowed by Stripes and Stars;
In all our barracks, posts and forts
It plays a leading part,
And the jolly sailor loves it
And enshrines it in his heart.

In No Man's Land, far over there,
It means a world set free,
Where England, Italy and France
Strike for democracy;
The Flag that's never known retreat,
Long may it wave and high
Till U. S. stands for brotherhood
In lands 'neath every sky.

C. T. T.

THE MYSTERY GIRL

Detailed Synopsis

THE CAST

Col. Silas Brainard....A Wealthy Wall Street Broker
James Brainard.....His Ne'er-do-Well Nephew
Blanche Witherbee.....Daughter of a Wealthy
Western Financier, Recently arrived in New
York
Harkins.....Butler in the Brainard Household
Steve Doran.....Leader of a Gang of Crooks in
the "Underworld"
William Craton.....The Brainard Family Attorney
The Guide Who Steals the Colonel's Pocketbook
—Other Servants in the Brainard Household—
Crooks and Detectives—Detective Who Enters
James' Rooms—Doran's Pals—James' Boon Com-
panions, Chorus Girls, Etc.—Man sitting in Front
of Shop, Etc.

Col. Silas Brainard, a wealthy Wall Street broker, lives in a stately mansion on Riverside Drive, New York. With him lives his nephew, James Brainard, his late brother's son, who, being plentifully supplied with funds by his over-generous uncle, lives a life of ease, luxury, idleness and pleasure.

Col. Brainard at length sees that something must be done with his nephew, as, unless James is brought up with a "round turn," he will undoubtedly go to the dogs entirely.

One night James has had an unusually wild time with the boys—a theater party, with a bunch of chorus girls, supper afterwards, then the Century Roof Garden, winding up with a boisterous party up in the apartments of one of the chorus girls. James reaches his home in a maudlin condition at 3 A. M., and, in the late morning is nursing a severe headache up in his room.

Col. Brainard, in the meantime, is waiting impatiently in the library for his nephew. He is pacing the floor in evident anxiety and anger. Finally, he rings the bell. The butler appears, and the Colonel asks:

"Where is Mr. James this morning?"

"Pardon, Sir, but Mr. James isn't up yet."

Whereupon Silas leaves the room impatiently, and goes up to James' room. He finds his nephew still in bed and, approaching him, with a stern and angry look, he says:

"Now, look here, James, it is about time this foolishness ceased—this kind of thing must stop, and you must settle down. If you don't, then I shall stop your allowance entirely, and you will have to shift for yourself."

James, with a towel tied around his head, asks quizzically:

THE PIVOT

"Tell me how I am going to stop, Uncle, and we'll see about it."

The Uncle replies severely:

"By marrying—that is the remedy for fools like you; when they marry they generally settle down and behave themselves, if they have any respect for their wives and themselves."

James asks wearily and carelessly:

"And, for God's sake, whom do you want me to marry—not Blanche Witherbee, for I simply refuse."

(Blanche Witherbee is the beautiful daughter of a Western financier, who has recently arrived in New York.)

Silas replies angrily:

"If you don't marry Blanche, and thus fulfill my earnest desires, then I shall alter my will, and the entire Brainard fortune, of which you are the sole living heir, will be left to a stranger—and—and—charity."

But James still refuses, and, turning starts to make preparations for his bath. With a face inflamed with anger, the Uncle leaves the room.

Later, when James is dressed, he descends the stairs, and peeps into the breakfast room. He sees his Uncle still there and, fearing another lecture, enters silently, and seats himself at the table. The Uncle rises to leave, and sees James. He turns to his nephew, and says with decision:

"I've ordered my will changed and when I return from the mountains, I hope that you will have changed your mind."

Then the Uncle leaves abruptly, and James looks very much relieved.

A few days later Silas arrives at his hotel in the mountains and, on the following day, starts out on a fishing trip. On this trip he meets a young man in the woods, a happy-go-lucky looking individual. Silas asks him if he knows where there is a good fishing spot. The young man replies that he does, and volunteers to guide "Mr. Brainard." The Colonel remarks severely:

"I'm not 'Mr.' Brainard, but 'Colonel' Brainard; where did you get hold of my name?"

The man replies that he often acts as a guide, and happened to look in the hotel register, and there saw the name Brainard. He didn't notice that he was a "Colonel." Thereupon Brainard accepts his offer to guide him, and they embark in a small boat.

It is warm and Silas takes off his coat. His wallet drops to the bottom of the boat, unnoticed by Brainard. But the guide sees it and determines to get hold of it if possible. The stranger is rowing, and when they have gone some distance, he suddenly drops his oars, dives overboard, grabbing the wallet as he goes, and is soon some distance away, and making for the shore.

Before Silas realizes what has happened, the man is some half-a-dozen strokes away, and is fast disappearing. Silas himself is a poor swimmer, and could never catch up with the thief. A storm is impending and finally he decides to take a chance in the boat, go where it may.

Back in the city, a few days later, James Brainard is sitting at breakfast, reading the morning paper, when he starts as his eye catches a certain item in the paper. He reads it excitedly. It is as follows:

COL. SILAS BRAINARD

WALL STREET MAGNATE

Drowned in Mountain Lake During Big Storm

James Brainard is shocked. He immediately puts on hat and coat and starts off for the newspaper office to learn, if possible, further particulars of his Uncle's untimely end. There is nothing further, however, and James hastens to the office of William Craton, the family attorney. There Mr. Craton tells James that it is only too true; that his Uncle is dead, and adds:

"But worse still, my boy—you are left absolutely penniless, and must not only go to work, but must also leave your present residence."

James looks at the attorney blankly. What is he to do? He never worked in all his life, and, to live in rooms, with no income, will be intolerable. He turns and walks out of the office slowly, a look of utter dejection on his face.

When he reaches home, he breaks the news to the butler, and the two proceed to pack a grip. Then, looking at the butler, James asks helplessly:

"Harkins, what would you do if you were in my place?"

The butler answers respectfully:

"I think I should go to work, sir."

James thanks Harkins for his advice, pays him, and then leaves the house—his home for so many years.

Possessing a smattering of legal lore, James decides to practice law, and opens an office in the poorer section of the city. And there he waits, hoping for clients. The office is on the first floor of the house, and in the rear there is a kitchen, where James tries to cook a square meal occasionally.

One day there is a knock at the office door. James, hearing it, and happy at the thought that it may be a client, drops the frying pan, hurriedly takes off the apron he has on, and goes to the door. A sweet and beautiful young girl hurriedly steps in, and asks him to aid her in eluding a detective, who is following her, and to please not ask her any questions.

THE PIVOT

James would like to know more, but just then footsteps are heard. The girl motions him for silence. He tells her to go into the kitchen. She does so. There is another knock at the door, and a rough-looking detective enters and shows his badge. He asks James if he has seen a woman enter there. James answers he hasn't.

In the kitchen, the woman nervously backing up, knocks a plate off the table. Suddenly realizing that she must now show herself, she hurriedly takes off her hat and coat, and puts on the apron. The detective asks James:

"Who is in there?"

James is at a loss what to say, but just then the young woman comes into the room, goes up to James, puts her arms around his neck, and asks:

"What is this rough-looking man doing in our house?"

James is puzzled. The detective looks at him, scratches his head, looks at the girl, and asks:

"Who is this woman?"

Before James has a chance to answer, the girl replies for him:

"Why, I am his wife, of course."

The detective looks at James, who nods, seeing that the girl's assertion seems to have made an impression on the detective. Then, recovering himself, James asks the detective how he dares to come into a man's home like that. The detective again scratches his head, and then, apparently satisfied, leaves, making a few remarks about women as he goes.

As the detective leaves, James gives a sigh of relief, then turns to his visitor, who is quietly crying, with her handkerchief up to her eyes. He says, with sympathy in his voice and look:

"Now, please tell me something about yourself, and if I can be of any service I shall be only too glad."

Between her sobs, the girl starts to tell her story, saying:

"I came to the city about two months ago, and tried in vain to get employment. Then, I met a man named Steve Doran, a gang leader in the underworld, who forced me to act as his accomplice in the robbery of a house. Later, I tried to go straight, but Doran bribed the detectives, and they are now after me."

James asks:

"Why are they after you?"

She replies:

"Unless jewels that had been stolen are returned

to their owner, I'll have to pay the penalty sooner or later, even if I do tell the truth."

Then the girl turns to go, but James, with his big heart, tells her that she shall go with him, and he would try to get the jewels. The girl is filled with joy at these words.

They start at once for Doran's headquarters, which Brainard finds to be a dark and dingy den of the underworld. At the moment that they enter there is a crowd of Doran's associates congregated in a room, drinking and smoking, and some of them playing cards, while others are throwing dice. Fortunately James and his companion are not seen as they slip up the stairs.

They go at once to Doran's room, guided there by the mysterious girl, who has as yet not told James her name. They approach a safe, where, the girl informs him, the jewels are hidden. Just then Doran's footsteps are heard coming up the stairs. They at once hide behind the curtains of the room. Doran turns on the lights, discovers the robbery of his safe, and looks for a clue.

Just then the woman sneezes, whether by accident or not is not known. Doran at once seizes the curtains, pulls them aside and discovers them. There is a terrific struggle between James and the gangster. Doran is knocked out, and James and the girl make their escape, taking the jewels with them. The girl is evidently very much unstrung.

As they go down the stairs stealthily, they are discovered by two men, who had heard the racket upstairs, and were coming to see what was up. The woman crouches in a corner of the stairs, while James, at the head of the stairs, desperately holds the men off. After a sharp fight James again comes off victor, and he and the girl make their final getaway.

James takes the girl to his rooms, telling her to occupy his room, giving her the key and the jewels for safe-keeping. He himself, he tells her, will sleep on the floor of his office. She follows him to the door, lingers, smiles at him, then bids him good night. James is somehow satisfied that, for once, he has done a good action.

Morning finds James, sitting at the table in his office, with his head on his arms, asleep. He awakens, rises, stretches himself, then goes to the room, where he left the mysterious girl. He calls, but receives no reply. Then he tries the door, and, to his utter surprise, finds it unlocked. He opens the door, but there is no woman there. *She is gone.*

THE PIVOT

Believing that someone has followed them to the house, and kidnapped the woman, as well as secured the jewels, James snatches up his hat and coat, rushes out of the house, hails a taxi, jumps in, gives the driver an address, and is soon being whirled along to the den, where Doran and his gang hold out. Arriving at the house, James quickly alights, looks up at the building, and, to his utter surprise, wonder and amazement, sees a "To Let" sign on the door. He gasps, and thinks it cannot be possible that all this has been a dream.

A man is sitting in front of his shop next door. James approaches him, and asks if the people in the other house have moved. The man replies, with a laugh:

"Nobody has moved—that is, not lately—but that house has been vacant for over three years. People say the house is 'spooky.'"

James stands in a daze. Has this all been a nightmare, and this beautiful, almost bewitching girl simply a phantom. NO, he would not believe it, and he tries to assure himself that what has passed was a reality, and no dream.

He goes home, heartbroken, and, in the few days that followed, tries hard to forget the vision of the girl that comes to him incessantly. On the following morning he receives a letter. Opening it, James reads wonderingly:

James Brainard:

If you will go to the Brainard Mansion at eight o'clock tonight, you will not regret it.

There is no signature, and James wonders what it all means. He knows that the Brainard mansion has been closed ever since his uncle's death, awaiting a buyer. Therefore, who can be there?

James starts out for the Brainard mansion, arrives there, and lets himself in with his old latch-key. Although he has been many times in the house before, never did he feel so uneasy as now. He enters the reception room. There is no one there. Then he enters the sitting room, and from there goes to the library. There, to his surprise, he sees a figure, sitting at his uncle's desk, but with his back to the door.

Trembling in every limb, James approaches the man sitting there. As he nears him the man turns and faces him, and, to James' utter amazement, there sits his uncle—Col. Silas Brainard.

At first James fully believes that it is his Uncle's ghost, come to haunt him. He puts out his hand to touch him. Then his Uncle gets up, and, to James' astonishment, asks:

"What is all this tommy-rot about?"

James is now perfectly satisfied that it is really his uncle in the flesh and alive. Then he murmurs in a puzzled manner:

"Then what did that item in the paper mean?"

Then his uncle explains that, when the storm came on, he floated in the boat he was in to a small island in the lake, where he remained until rescued by a passing motor boat. Then Silas looks at the stupefied James, and asks:

"Well, are you going to marry Blanche Witherbee?"

At first James does not answer. Then he looks at his uncle, and tells him about the girl he met, and the whole story from beginning to end. Silas asks him:

"Do you want to marry that girl?"

James replies sadly:

"Yes, Uncle, I would marry her tomorrow, but, alas, she is gone. I do not know where she is!"

At that moment James hears the rustle of the curtains. He turns, and beneath the curtains, he sees a pair of white slippers, in which are two tiny feet. He goes quickly forward, and draws the curtains back. Then he starts back in greater amazement than ever before, for there stands his DREAM GIRL. James is filled with a great joy as he sees her.

Just then there steps out from another room Steve Doran and several of his supposed accomplices and pals. James believes that Doran has come to kidnap his Dream Girl again, and makes a step forward. But his uncle holds him back, and explains:

"James, your rescue of this lady, and the yarn about the jewels, was all a 'frame-up' planned by myself. After I returned to New York and found that you had begun the practice of law, I got busy on this affair."

But James is still not satisfied, and inquires wonderingly:

"But, Uncle, who is this girl?"

His Uncle, with a triumphant expression on his face, answers laughingly:

"Didn't I tell you that you would marry Blanche Witherbee? Well, there she is!"

In a maze, James takes Blanche's hand in his, while she smiles sweetly at him. Then Doran speaks, as he comes forward:

"The only thing in this business that wasn't a 'frame-up' was the beating that this here guy give me!"

THE PIVOT

Then Doran and his pals leave, followed by Col. Brainard, and James and Blanche are left alone. He looks at the girl by his side, and Blanche drops her eyes to the floor. Then she raises them and looks at him, with love and devotion plainly seen

in her expression. A moment later James has her in his arms, and kisses her passionately and fondly as the picture fades.

(The End)

TO CATHERINE

(Published in *Stars and Stripes*)

O Maiden fair,
With raven hair,
I cannot tell just what you say,
As I do not compris Francaise,
But I can read those eyes of glance,
O lovely maid of sunny France.

O Maiden dear,
With eyes so near,
I cannot quite your French compris,
But I can read those lips you see,
And tell just what you want perchance,
O lovely maid of sunny France.

O Maiden true,
With words anew,
Just tell me what you want to say,
But I do not compris Francaise,
I prithee do not miss the chance,
O lovely maid of sunny France.

O Maiden fair,
With raven hair,
My heart is orphaned from its breast,
I prithee, you may keep the rest.
And I, mayhap, will stay in France,
O lovely maid with eyes that glance.

January, 1919.

C. T. T.

BABBETTE

OSCAR M. LASSER

It was summer when I met her,
I was strolling by the sea,
And was reading brother's letter
When she cast a glance at me.
I called it love at first sight;
Something said, "You'll know her yet."
Then day drifted into moonlight,
Drifting with it, went Babbette.

My sleep was calm and resting,
Never ending, did it seem;
For with every hour testing,
I saw her in my dream.
She was pretty as a flower,
Standing where the moon had set,
Like a bee around its bower,
I was walking with Babbette.

Our meeting was next day,
We met there on the sand,
I could find no words to say,
As she offered me her hand;
I was choked with joy and glee,
When she asked if we had met
Before, her smile to me
Made me worship sweet Babbette.

My life was full of gladness,
We spent many happy days;
Then one day they turned to sadness
In a hundred different ways;
She left, but wrote a letter,
It was one I'll ne'er forget,
Saying, "Next time you'll know better,
Farewell, my friend," Babbette.

*As years go by, and age grows on,
Sweet memories shall ne'er be gone.*

COMPLIMENTS OF 204

COMPLIMENTS OF

HOME ROOM 411

THE SUBSTITUTE

IDA MARGOLES

Coach Sherman, with a quizzical look, turned to view the aspirants for the football team. He nodded, for he saw good material before him.

"Well, you boys," he said, "if you want to get on the team, show me what you can do in the way you practice. As usual, I want workers, not shirkers. Remember, you're trying to get on a team that's going to be state champion."

After a week of practice the team was selected. On that day, the coach singled out a tall, sorrel-topped youth who possessed mighty shoulders, and said, "You're a new one, aren't you? I haven't seen you in this school before. What is your name?"

"Yes, sir, I'm new all right! My name's Richard Hunter."

"Well, you've got a good chance, Hunter, to make yourself mighty popular, for you've got it in you to make the team make good. So remember."

The news spread quickly that a freshman was expected to be "the one," or in other words, the hero of the team, and consequently the hero of the school.

Shy Dick found himself the center of attraction. Before he had come to Central, he did not possess any school spirit. Even now he did not care whether his team won or not. Why had he joined the team? To find the answer, the French would say, "find the woman," which in this case was partly true.

Dick had a twin brother, Don. Physically, they were different in only one respect; Dick's voice was a trifle more husky. That was the way their friends knew them apart. But there was a greater difference in their make-up; Dick possessed no school spirit, while Don would have given up his pulsing happy life to save his school from any disgrace. Donald's girl attended Burton High, so when he had to decide upon a school, he chose Burton. Dick would have done the same, but he and Don had quarreled and he saw possible revenge in his joining Central's winning team and beating Don on his losing one.

The Centralites did not discover Dick's lack of school spirit. How could they? He fought and won and was not that convincing proof that he possessed an overwhelming amount of that school spirit that overcomes all obstacles? The girls called him "a dear," the boys "a good fellow," for in every other respect he was "a good fellow."

True to the coach's prophecy, it looked as though the team was to be the state champion. After each game was over, Dick wondered why his school went "wild." He couldn't see any reason for it. All this time he was becoming acquainted with his school-mates. They all gushed over him, which somewhat

embarrassed and nauseated him, but one girl, he noticed, was just sweet and quiet about all his victories on the field. She spoke to him occasionally and thanked him in her quiet way.

Janet Chadwick taught him what school spirit was. Everyone knew Janet, for wasn't she the hardest worker for the school? Janet was pretty in a simple way. She wasn't beautiful, but she was a personality. She and Dick became fast friends because they were different. Gradually, the change came. Through constant companionship with Janet's bubbling personality and her effervescent enthusiasm for her school, Dick began to love that fine school of his, and he wondered at it himself. And he resolved that when the big fight for the championship came along, he would fight as he had never fought before, with the new element of school spirit pushing its way to win.

The day arrived. Verona High, a country school, was to play Central for the state championship.

When the boys on the team came on the field, they thought Dick a little too silent, but attributed his silence to nervousness.

The coach looked at him and said sharply, "Were you up late last night?"

"No, sir," he answered in a low voice.

The coach looked relieved.

But something of importance had really happened. Donald's sweetheart had moved to another city, so two weeks before, Don had left Burton High and had been taking a vacation, during which time he had patched up his quarrel with Dick.

The day before the game Dick, going up the stairs to his room, had tripped and twisted his ankle. (Unknown to Dick, Donald on that same day, had entered Central.)

Dick was in despair. Then he got an idea.

"Say, Don, take my place, will you? I can't bear the thought of Central losing. I'll give you anything you want of mine if you do."

Elated, Don replied, "Sure, I'll take your place. I entered Central today, and that's reason enough for doing it."

Dick could have danced when he heard that (but he couldn't very well with a sprained ankle), so he shook hands instead.

"Say, Don, there's something else——"

"Well, out with it."

"Well—when you see a girl in an orange tam and sweater, wave to you, wave back, will you?"

"Sure, so that's how it is? Shall I kiss her for you, too?"

THE PIVOT

So that was why Dick, or rather Don, was silent. Many people had often mistaken him for Dick, so he was safe—but he hadn't had much practice, and he hadn't played for a time.

The game started; the grandstands were packed. The fields vibrated with the echoes and songs of both schools.

The Central team was a little over-confident in the beginning of the game, and as usual with too much self-confidence, things went wrong. A Central youth fumbled the ball near the Verona goal. The ball changed sides. After the kick-off, a Verona lad fell on the ball and made a touchdown; in reality, he rolled to a touchdown. Luck seemed with the Verona lads and they made a goal. The first half was over, and the score was 10 to 0 in Verona's favor.

The Verona hired jazz band went around the field playing a funeral march—for Central—they said.

Although it seemed that Central was to be defeated, its loyal rooters kept on rooting.

In the second half, the luck changed. A Verona lad kicked off the ball so that another member of his team should get it. Don was on the job. Catching the ball, he sprinted to a touchdown. Then another touchdown!

The Central rooters, this time, went mad.

Four minutes to play. Hunter was ready; so

were the opponents. It was harder this time, but Don's readiness meant a touchdown and a goal for Central. The game was over. Central was state "champ!"

When Dick had sprained his ankle, his parents had been visiting and arrived a little while before the game. They had promised to see the game, so instead of returning home, they immediately went to the field.

Dick was ashamed and confessed to his parents. Don told them that on the day he entered Central, the coach had been short of a substitute, and as Don had offered himself and seemed good material, he had been accepted. Everything was clear, but the honor went to Dick, and not to Donald.

Dick, however, was manly and confessed to his principal, his coach and team. They all declared that instead of Central having one hero, there were two.

It was a few days later that Dick said to Don, "You seem mighty happy. Why so?"

"You know Edith Roberts, the one I used to go with at Burton High? Well, she's here at Central. She came back last week—and oh, well—she didn't like to stay at Burton High, and——"

"Gosh, then we can all go to the 'Broad' tonight? I'm taking Janet, you know."

"Sure thing!" Don assented.

BALLAD OF 217

ELIZABETH JAY

A certain room in our dear school
That every pupil's seen,
Is none else than that room yclept
Two Hundred Seventeen.

For since the start of Central High,
Ten years to be exact,
This room we call two seventeen
Our school has never lacked.

Indeed its hours of business
Are just from three to four;
However, that's enough for most,
For who wants any more?

For promptly at the stroke of three,
At the close of the school day,
Students toward the detention room
Wearily wend their way.

For some have cut a class or two,
Still others may have been late,
Although their crimes may differ far,
In common they meet fate.

A stern faced teacher's at the desk,
Who can stare thru and thru,
And if you move your head, it's sure
Another night for you.

You sit as still as a statue,
And hear "tick-tock, tick-tock,"
While patiently you wait and hope
For the hour of four o'clock.

At last, it seemeth like a year,
The hour has passed away,
And you are free to hie you home
And call it will-a-day.



OUR FACULTY

EXTEMPORANEOUSLY

By IDA MARGOLES

The Extemporaneous Debating Society sat wrapt in thought. One of the members rose. "Listen, we've accepted the challenge of the Auburn High School to take part in the debate, the winning school to be the champion debaters of the high schools in this state, and we can't back out. We've just got to take part," said Richard Dennison seriously.

Another youth rose and spoke, a handsome lad with frank blue eyes and curly black hair.

"It's easy to say take part, but where are the brilliant debaters to do the debating?"

But as the members could not answer Allan Barton's question, the club adjourned, all warned to think of some especially brilliant idea.

The following day Richard, during lunch period, took Allan aside and said, "Say, Al, I've got an idea. You know that girl, Laura Bramley?"

"Know that homely thing? I'll say not, but I've seen her. Oh yes, and I've heard her talk so that even the cat could be convinced she wasn't a cat but a dog."

"Wait, just a second, Al, calm yourself, I want to ask you a serious question. Do you love Central High or not?"

"Sure, but what has that got to do with Laura Bramley?"

"Well, if you're a true Centralite, you will be willing to do something for your school. You know Laura is a dandy speaker. Even you admit her ability. She sure is brilliant in the speaking line. I'll admit she's a bit homely, but then something can be done to beautify her. But what is beauty when a witty retort is needed? Now, this is my plan. Laura, as I've been trying to tell you, as a speaker is supremely gorgeous, but she doesn't belong to our club, and now she won't join because we've snubbed her right along. Now 'Allie,' here's the job for you. You know all the girls fall for you because you're handsome. You're to get Laura to do the falling act and then induce her to join. So she will of course take part in the debate."

"Say, you're some talker yourself; why don't you take part?"

"I am, but I need a partner and Laura's the one. Do you accept?"

"But see here, Richard, you know we give a topic to debate on and they give one, and ours is, 'Resolved, that beauty is not skin deep.' How can Laura take the part of a beautiful girl?"

"Now, Al, don't get excited; your sister Dot can take care of the beautifying process. You have one month to succeed. Is it a go?"

"Oh, all right. But, believe me, it sure is some job to win over that fascinating Laura!"

It was indeed a hard task, but Allan succeeded.

Laura was a slender girl. She had beauties which the boys did not take notice of. Nut brown, luxuriant hair and deep sea green, serious eyes. Laura was not pretty because she did not possess the art of showing to the best advantage the beauty she did possess. She was lonely, so she accepted Allan's advances of friendship and finally accepted his "frat" pin. Few were surprised to see Laura wearing Allan's pin, for most of them guessed the true reason, and knew why Allan was so attentive to her.

Allan's sister, Dot, took Laura in hand. Gradually she improved. Her hair was combed so as to show its massiveness and beauty, which at the same time contrived to set off those regular features. Laura began to dress more neatly and prettily. Everyone noted the change. The boys in the beginning had resolved to take Laura out in order to relieve Allan, but soon they were taking her out for her own sake. She was a novelty to them.

Laura did not turn out to be beautiful, but at least she was pretty. At the beginning she had suspected Allan's true motives, but did not back out of the debate because it was for the honor of the school.

If the Centralites expected to surprise the Auburners by selecting such a subject as "Beauty," they were far more surprised when they learned that the subject of the Auburners was: "Resolved, That love at first sight is better than love otherwise."

Laura convinced everyone that "beauty is not skin deep." She cited many famous women as examples of wit and beauty combined. Josephine, Napoleon's wife, was her greatest point. For it was greatly through beautiful Josephine that Napoleon rose to greatness. Cleopatra who brought low so many great men of her time and our own motion picture actresses of today were cited, for it takes brains as well as beauty to act.

Everyone listened attentively. Just before she finished citing her examples, a voice from the rear said with real enthusiasm, "What about yourself? We can see that you've got beauty and brains combined."

The applause to this outburst was unanimous. Laura had won that debate.

Then came Richard Dennison's chance. He gave many examples and talked well.

"How can love at first be better than otherwise? One does not fall in love with a face but with character. We learn to love people gradually by

THE PIVOT

association and by understanding. Love at first sight in most cases results in unhappy marriages, while when one has learned to love a person through association one understands their faults, as well as their virtues. A plain face often conceals a beautiful character."

While Richard was reciting Allan noticed something which the others did not; he was citing his own case; how he had fallen in love with Laura, and so Allan sat silent.

When Richard won the debate Allan, in congratulating him, had a double meaning in the words, "I am glad you succeeded."

When Allan came over that evening to see Laura she smilingly offered back his "frat" pin and said, "Allan, I knew you didn't mean it when I first accepted, but I was so lonely, so please forgive me and take it back."

"Laura, I know I've been a cad, but I did it for the honor of the school. But Laura I want you to keep the pin now. You know what a fellow means when he asks a girl to keep his 'frat' pin and I mean it now in all sincerity."

As she looked up into his eyes, she saw love and pleading and so she accepted and she whispered, "Allan, I resolved to make you care and you see I have succeeded. Congratulate me."

"No, Laura, rather congratulate me."

The students thought that after the debate was over Allan would forget Laura, but to their amazement he was more attentive than before.

Allan had good reason to be so attentive for Richard was becoming a serious rival, for Laura had decided to make him regret having ever thought her uninteresting and homely. She found delight in tormenting him. Such is the way of a woman or, rather, of a young girl to whom revenge is sweet.

LOVE RAINY WEATHER?

SOPHIE WIENER

Cannons were being exploded. Deafening noise prevailed. When the tumult had subsided, a shout of threats and warnings filled the air.

"This is the last time I'll ever wake you," and Mother slams the door of Johnny's room. He didn't want to get up! Poor fellow—t'was dark out and so dreary and wet and uncomfortable, while in bed it was so warm and comfy. "Oh, just a minute more and I'll get up"—and with this Johnny turns over on the other side.

The enemy had shot him. A nurse was drawing a wet cloth over his face—for an impossible reason Johnny sat up just then. Perhaps the cat was licking his face too hard (not that Johnny was so sweet, but the crumbs from last night's repast were not all brushed off). Quite ungratefully and brutally Johnny showed his aversion to such degree of affection (from a mere cat), for the innocent cat was sent sprawling to the floor. In this state of humor (?) Johnny started to dress. Dear little kitty had playfully shoved the shoes to the other side of the room and Johnny got down on all fours to secure his precious leathers. All went well with one shoe. Suffering limberger! Frozen dog! and more Sunday school expressions were used when Johnny tore his shoestring. Impatient, boiling with anger and something else, Johnny made a big knot "so's the darn thing'll never bust." To crown this ingenuous maneuver, the string would not pull through the hole.

Finally and at last he was dressed. Hot coffee was waiting for him on the table. Johnny made no attempt to sip it from the cup—neither did he try the teaspoon

method—the last resource was pouring it into the saucer. What should happen but that Johnny should spill the coffee all over his clean shirt! He was by no means insentient and promptly let out a shrill yell. But in a moment it was all over and Johnny was ready to go. He fished out his books from somewhere and was off. He had scarcely passed down the last steps when he recollected such things as rubbers. The rain was coming down in cataracts. Johnny rushed for the door that was closing and stopped it with his head. Really there is nothing like presence of mind—the door would have closed and he would have had to ring again had not his gray matter and motor nerves acted as they did. With a lusty shout to "Ma," he had his rubbers thrown down to him. Of course one hit him in the identical spot the door slammed on; he passed his hand over a "debutante" bile swelling, not to beat the band, but to burst it.

With his right rubber demurely reposing on his left foot and vice versa, Johnny started to run for the car.

Booms! Down went Johnny, rubbers and all. Burning with humiliation and dripping with that blessed water, Johnny slowly turned back home.

But, uncouth as he was, he had that undaunted and fighting spirit of the average straphanger—he'd never let a car pass by (if it stopped) if he wanted to get on. So Johnny got the car, got to school and got something else besides.

Why shouldn't he love rainy weather!

THAT WHICH HAS PASSED

JOSEPH ADOFF

Autumn is that time of year when summer takes French leave of winter and tells him to foot it alone. Days become a little shorter and faces grow a little longer. The well-meaning department store, which is always sure to advertise the greatest sale of coats in its existence after you've bought yours, sees the populace flatten its physiognomy against the windows to see the fall and falling styles. Toast is relished, and the hot waffle man brands his insignia right in the cockles of the heart. A curious visit is taken now and then to various natural history museums called cold storage houses to see how well the moths have laid their eggs in last year's seal wrap. Play ball is given the merry ha-ha and rah-rah recitatives sponsored by white-washed cheer leaders resound over the states, accompanied by the aerial hat giving vent to sudden passion from the leather lungs. Similar to the other selections, the fans expectantly await the nomination of All-American water boy while the would-be critics tell each other in how far the newspapers have erred in their decisions.

Like the "p" in pneumonia, many foreigners are fain to know what the "n" is doing in autumn, and are predestined to trip up on the spelling. How many foreigners we have in our English classes!

Statistics gleaned from anthologies disclose the information that autumn is the period least favored by the poets, their interest in the seasons being as follows: "Come, gentle spring," 100%; "Oh, perfumed summer," 80%; "Ah, though winter wind," 50%, and our little, "When yellow leaves or none," 30%.

One day in autumn the stude suddenly closes the book which he has been reading with a snap, sticks his digital appendage to his cerebellum, gyrates his cilium, mutters something like eight months' imprisonment until vacation, casts a wistful angelic glance almost bordering on the religious upward to heaven, resignedly elevates a shoulder like a martyr, finally ejects an exhaust like a mistreated home brew, quickly reopens the book and buries his proboscis therein.

It seems that autumn is the cause of an epidemic of cold feet among the leg rasping crickets, making it necessary to cancel all engagements, and so the jazz soirees are discontinued. It might be pride, but the fly ceases buzzing for sustenance. Even the noble order, aves, leaving overhead, eying superciliously the old familiar places, disdainful beaks uplifted at what was formerly a happy hunting ground, kick up their

heels, thrust out wicked talaria and give the ozone another flip en masse, unconcernedly, allegro via non troppo.

Weather and tempers are uncertain while everyone thinks how beautiful the old world would look in a kimono of snow. Colds come and go, yet what is annually the popular and inevitable disillusionment experienced by the public, is a fact that Gabriel has not arrived but that the peculiar sound is merely an international symphony of human horns, carmine-tipped, dipped and nipped, which might explain why the orchestras enlarge their personnel. Every kid's ambition is to skip rope at the end of a cop's club for infringing upon the law against baking potatoes along the curb.

Together with ping-pong, find the button and find last year's rubbers, the indoor divertisement turns to dancing, in which, unlike the aspirations of the champion corn growers to produce the finest ears on corn, the ululations are suppressed by each participant trying to turn his finest ears on his champion corn. Half of our walking time is spent in deciding whether to keep our hands in our pockets or leave them out, a raging inner conflict overshadowed in importance only by the anguished assumption of preconceiving the date upon which the neighboring rink opens for business. Clocks are pushed back. The collie is allowed to retain a coat of fur and his owner thinks how much nicer it would be to have bought an enclosed car. Mufflers make good decorations and gloves urge frequent darnations.

On the 31st of October Bill Shakespeare props himself up on his elbow, looks around, assumes a smug expression of "I told you so" and flops back for another three hundred and sixty-four days to remind us that all the world's a stage. In anticipation, "Christmas Carol" is read for the seventh time. The turkey suspects that there is an axe to grind, everything is lovely, and the goose hangs low.

And so, my dears, with the admonition that without autumn there would be no parting of the ways, no corona of milkweed to grace our hair, no falling leaves to alight on the unwary pedestrian making him resemble Pocohantas' first cousin, no chestnut venders vending their vares, no time left for the bleaching of freckles, I afford you an opportunity of getting into the grand finale, and in answer to the query as to whether you have read this outburst, of making a joyous noise equivalent to "quoth the raven."

THE PIVOT

FAREWELL, YE GRADS

Farewell, ye grads! you've done your bit,
You've struggled through it all;
With clenched, firm teeth, you showed your grit,
And not once did you fall.
It's not been easy, but instead,
Some knotty problems made
You buck the tide with aching head,
But you have been well paid.
You've often had to wage a fight,
Temptation with its devil
Seemed to down protests of the right,
But you were on the level.
The thrill of "cutting" may be fine,
And now you realize
That those that do, fall in the line
Of "I just about got By's."
We have our faults, yes, all of us,
Our good points we have, too,

How fortunate, the lucky cuss
Who does just more than you.
Through many a hardship, pain and strife
You've met the world all square,
And visions of an easier life
Did not seem very fair.
Your teachers (though you may think wrong)
Have striven hard for you;
You may have thought advice a song,
And said, "That's nothing new."
Despite these incidents, you've won
Your spurs, now wear them well;
Your ceaseless efforts now are done,
Farewell, ye grads, farewell!

OSCAR M. LASSER.

FAIRIES' PARADISE

I roamed the streets one evening, full of thought,
While to my worries late, an answer sought;
My head, thus bent in thoughtful reverie
Knew not nor heeded an approaching tree—
When crash! a myriad host of lucid sparks
Lit up and showed what now a long scar marks.

Sweet piercing music, swelling forth in pain
Yearned at my heart in full melodious strain;
Enthralled, I yielded, and my heart burst out
In songs of Love put to a glorious rout,
The every fibre in my body thrilled,
Whilst God and I the vales with music filled;
And then wee elves of pale translucency

Rose up and danced—and beckoned coy to me.
I stopped my deluge of melodious song
And rose to join the sweet wee elfin throng.

And then I felt a hand supinely soft—
And with the touch, a falling from aloft,
And music softened, which before pierced sweet,
While grassy thyme transformed to spotless sheet.

Alas, 'tis in my own home that I lie,
With anxious parents near me, lest I die;
And yet, ah me, I'd rather close my eyes
And roam again my fairy paradise.

SADIE ROTHMAN.

ESSAY ON THE OUIJA BOARD

JOSEPH N. MEDRESCH

There may be some in this very wide world who still imagine that the Ouija is infallible and knows all, but—we are sorry to disillusion these individuals—the Ouija is not operated by some heavenly body but by the person asking the questions.

For instance, the person in most cases knows the answer to the question before asking it. When he asks it the "heart" slips to the place where he desires it to go all along. This is done by an unnoticeable move of the hand.

Now ask the Ouija board a question of which you don't know the answer in Latin, algebra, etc. Then

our friend Ouija is stuck. I remember when my Latin teacher gave me several sentences to translate into English I was in the dark as to the meaning of several words. As I result I asked my friend "the Ouija," but Ouija didn't know because its smart (?) operator didn't know.

If the Ouija was as most people claim it, we, all the students of Central, would be on the honor roll every month, THE PIVOT would contain the best stories ever written and we would all be model students, for we'd just ask the Ouija.

THE PIVOT

BIT O' FEMININITY

SADIE ROTHMAN

It occurred to me suddenly that tomorrow was her birthday. I wondered what would please her most—something pretty around the neck, perhaps. Well, I'd decide later. Ah, I had it! She was particularly fond of sweets and a big box of bonbons would be just the thing. I was inordinately hilarious.

I was extremely anxious to please her, and I wanted to get the chocolates she liked best. But how in the name of thunder was I to know which she did like best! So I decided on a little ruse.

Before I took the bus home I bought a box of assorted chocolates, a glorious conglomeration of sweets which almost nauseated my masculine palate, but over which I was sure Ruthie would go into shrill raptures of delight.

With the box tucked 'neath my arm, I ran almost all the way to the house. Somehow all the love which I bore for Ruthie surged up in a flow of impatience. I wanted to have her in my arms, to feel her silken hair caress my cheeks; I wanted to be assured over and over again that she loved me as she loved no other; I wanted her soft wistful eyes to whisper what her heart would say. I was very much in love.

I ran straight into the parlor, tossed my hat on the sofa and with a hearty, "Ruthie, love," grasped her frail form into my willing hands. She was so happy to see me safe—somehow the day's absence always meant ceaseless worry on her part. Dear little girl—how I loved her!

But Ruthie spied the tell-tale box stuck in my coat pocket and she insisted that I open it immediately. "Ah," mused I, "femininity incarnate!" So I sat down on the softest chair, placed my Ruthie on my lap, opened the box 'midst rapturous outbursts on her part, and calmly proceeded to disengage one sweet from its silver paper.

While I was slowly doing so, Ruth coyly nestled closer to me; her limpid eyes caressed my face; she seemed very much in love.

"Here sweets,"—I dropped it in her mouth. It was an almond. She closed her eyes rapturously and munched rhythmically away. And in my eyes there

crept a cunning look, a searching expression which eagerly scanned every transient thought, every vague moue of displeasure, perhaps, or doubt which played on that beloved face. There were none. She seemed justifiably happy and nothing more. Then she finished it. With an adorably soft movement entirely her own, she cuddled just the tiniest bit closer to me, while her deliciously upturned eyes pleaded so sweetly.

The next I chose a soft, luscious, creamy creation. Its insides seemed swelling with all unknown delights, and as I held it poised for an instant, there flashed into Ruthie's face a light, a flashing gleaming light of ineffable desire. I dropped it in her opened mouth eagerly; my eyes scanned unremittingly—and what they saw was enough. She liked cream ones best. What need to try the others—that mundane mass of mediocrity—none other could have raised that poignant flash of joy—it was cream ones she liked best and I would get a five-pound box tomorrow.

We finished that box together. Then we fooled around a bit as lovers will; both so happy in our love. Yet people laughed and scorned! I was righteously indignant at the thought. Malign tongues, unceasingly wagging, interminably scheming to estrange me from my Ruthie. Why! Was she not ten times better than the whole gaping lot of them.

But Ruthie seemed to detect my thoughts and she pranced about so gayly that I laughed all ill-feeling away and joined in her mirth.

The five-pound box was pretty heavy, but I got it there and Ruthie never suspected its contents. I laughed inwardly, "Gosh, I'll bet she doesn't even know—I'll bet she doesn't even know its her majesty's birthday!"

I suppose the box seemed too large to contain candy—true, I had never bought such a large one before; at any rate, Ruth merely glanced at it and nothing more. But she yelped and scampered about me so that she nearly threw me over. I lifted her up.

"Ruthie—dear little doggie," I whispered—and for joy she licked me so unceremoniously on the nose that I hastily dropped her with the inward realization that "dogs will be dogs."

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THE PIVOT



CENTRAL'S ORCHESTRA



GIRL'S AND BOY'S SERVICE CLUBS

In Memoriam

Robert G. Blackburn

The boys and girls of Room 304 A. M. deeply mourn the loss of their roommate who was suddenly taken away by death on the first school day of the new year. Robert was admired for his sterling character and his unusual ability as a student. His memory will always be cherished by his schoolmates.

In Memoriam

This page is dedicated to those students
who were called before their
time was ripe.

SARAH KRUGER
DR. POLAND
HENRY McLEAN
JEROME BLAU
ERNEST WASHINGTON
WALTER MYER
ANTHONY RUSSOMANNO
JULIUS RASNICK
SIMON LIEBOWITZ
JOSEPH CARANGELO
RAYMOND EDDY
BARBARA MAY CUMMINGS
WALTER EARL PIERSON
GERALD HAUSER
ROBERT BLACKBURN

We dedicate this Page as a Roll of Honor to those Centralites who served their Country in the World War.

SOLDIERS

Sergt. Walter E. Pierson
Maurice Weitzman
Louis F. Bronstein
Abraham C. Wohl
Sam Lefkowitz
David Schnur
Walter W. Warbel
Harry Di Giovanna
Raymond C. Dreher
George R. Sommer
Corp. Harry Reich
Sergt. Anthony Minisi
Fred Navatein
Salvatore R. Jordano
Harold Koester
Francis H. Seco
Edward Neviur
Rudolph M. Glickman
Nicholas Fausto
Gerald Hauser
Albert H. Bromley
Henry Dvorkin
George T. Walthour
Saul Rosenbaum
Lieut. Albert Kapp
Warren D. Fellows
Corp. Markham Smith
William Beyer
Nerman Becker
Frank Seco
Benjamin Silverman
Abe Silverstein
Raymond Slater
Willis Small
Milton Soffel
Ray Swope
Russell Torrey
Arthur Underwood
Stanley Van Duyne
Ettore Vechione
Sergt. Louis Vice
Harry Voelker
George Walthour
Maurice Weitzman
Abe Wohl
Harry Whyte

NAVY

Robert Banta
Samuel Bomse
William Brohm
Clifford Conklin
Walter Vreeland
Edward H. Douglas
William Erlich

Simon Englander
Nicholas Fanchio
Allen Feeler
Harry Gcepfert
Ensign Israel B. Greenberg
Louis A. Horwitz
Samuel Klappholz
Julius Klien
Aaron Lasser
Jacob Lasser
Chester Levy
Saul Lewandorf
Alfred Marasco
William Netschert
Ensign Ed. Nevius
Drew Mutter
David Nudelman
Benny Schwartz
Harry Sigmon
Robert Smith
J. Spielvogel
Isadore Steinbock
David Garber
Norman Gardner
Morris Goldstein
Louis Goldberg
Abraham Goulden
John F. Groel
Harry Hefelee
Abe Horowitz
Donald Hughes
Abraham J. Isserman
Milton Jacobs
Sam Jelley
William Johnson
W. R. Kirsch
Sigmund Klappholz
Sam Konwiser
Rudolph Kruger
Edward Lake
Jacob Lax
Simon Leibowitz
Herman Lermen
Lieut. Joseph Lippman
Benj. Lipson
Abraham Lower
Robert Mason
Ralph Mead
Sam Offen
Charles Parry
Gustav Patz
Arthur Pertzowitz
Lieut. Earl Pierson
Anthony Pistoles
Lieut. Elmer Powell
Ernest Porter
Michael Precker
Moe Radin

Sam Richman
Michael Rickels
Angelo Rocco
Rocco Rotunda
Sergt. Sydney Sofier
Harry Salzman
Lieut. Harry "Doc." Sargent
Harry Schaub
Charles Schober
Alvin Searles
Winfield S. Angus
H. Norman Collier
Stuart Beattie
Eddie Hand
Wally Vreeland
Moe M. Radin
Clifford A. Struter
George Stanford
Percy Bulger
Philip Orman
Norman C. Hall
Harry Schaub
Leslie Blau
Eli Frankel
Andrew Eschenfelder
Theodore Koerner
Wm. Erlich
Chester Levy
Sydney Safier
Harry Sigmon
Henry Gottfried
Harry A. Friedman
Lieut. Joseph Myer
Frank Lagay
Louis Lefkowitz
Henkle Barcus
Samuel Bauer
David Bernheim
William Berry
Arthur Beyer
Lieut. Chas. Boughton
Cecil Boycott
Charles Beppart
Albert Bromley
Charles Cerrato
Sergt. Abraham Cohen
William Cohen
George Cohen
Abe Cohen
Charles De Rose
Lieut. James Donahue
James Donaldson
Isadore Epstein
William Feldblum
Morris Femas
Jack Frank
Miss Louise French
Morris Friedman

FROM
PRINCIPAL



TO PARENT

Central High School,
February 1, 1922.

DEAR PARENTS:

On our first entry in this world of possibilities Nature makes us announce our presence with a cry. This is her eloquent method of informing the world that a new soul has come to enter her future service, to carry on and develop the lessons and purposes of her creative activities. Thus Nature has indicated that the human being, endowed with tongue energy, which is subservient to brain control, has the great advantage over all creation. It would be well to believe then that speech was given to man for advancing the interests of social and civic groups, no matter what language is made the medium of this oral interchange of ideas and ideals. Until recent years educational methods and plans had not, except in desultory instances, paid serious attention to the development of oral composition. It is fortunate for us that we have begun to realize that "reading maketh a full man; writing maketh an exact man; conference maketh a ready man." We need the man "up to the minute," ready to place ideas and ideals clearly, logically, comprehensively before his fellows. We must have for the efficient furtherance of the general social welfare that true, steady development of oral expression which will constitute the basis for a definite terseness of oral expression of the visions and facts which offer an impetus to man's advancement. Therefore, let us continue at all times to encourage our children to develop the art of public speaking as a patriotic duty.

Very truly yours,

William Wiener
Principal.



CENTRAL'S CITY CHAMPIONS IN FOOTBALL

THE PIVOT

The 1918 eleven flashed forth in a blaze of glory which lost a bit of its glow as the season progressed. Four consecutive victories at the start, followed by four consecutive defeats were the record of the year. The outstanding feature was Central's sterling showing against Barringer. The latter, conceded an easy victory over our humble team, sent on the field eleven second-team players. Our boys pitched hard for the game of the year and soon had the Barringer cohorts running backward in the direction of their own goal. It wasn't long before Barringer's proud varsity replaced the second stringers, but even these could not stop our team's progress. Earl Robinson had the honor of dropping over a field goal against Barringer, the first Central score against them since 1913. Barringer later forced over a touchdown and won one of the great Central-Barringer games, 6 to 3. William Helbig, Joseph Carrangelo and Harry Morchower were the outstanding players of the year.

A fatality in mid-season checked further progress of a football team which showed promise in its early stages of surpassing all former records. The 1919 outfit opened with a decisive win over Bloomfield, 25 to 6. Dover was beaten, 6 to 0. Then came the fatal game with Trenton. Fighting like Trojans, our boys were on the long end of a 6 to 0 score. Play was in mid-field, with Trenton in possession of the ball, marching toward Central's goal. The opponents fumbled. Scooping up the ball, Joe Carrangelo, our left tackle, started on a tear for the opposite end of the field, with the whole Trenton team on his heels. He scored for Central. The effort was too great. He sacrificed his all for Central victory. He died fighting. The team disbanded in his honor, but gathered again early in December to play St. Benedict's for proceeds to commemorate a hero's death. Central lost, 13 to 6, but it was not the Central team of the early season. Markham Smith, Harry Morchower and William Helbig were the most notable members of this team.

1920 saw a continuation of Central's upward climb. It was during this season that Central, for the first time, won the Newark High Schools' football championship, and, incidentally, defeated Barringer for the first time. William Helbig, Allan Smullen, Joseph Krueger, and Charles Gieske bore the bulk of the team's work that year.

Eclipsing all former records, Central's 1921 eleven improved on the previous year's performances by winning nine consecutive games, clinching the Newark High Schools and City football championships, and incidentally trimming Barringer. By virtue of its season's record, it was picked to be a contender for the football championship of the State.

Rutherford, the only other team in the State to win all of its games, was challenged, and the game to decide the State championship was arranged. This

battle, staged on the Ashland Field in East Orange, attracted some ten thousand football fans. The game was rated by experts as the best high school game of the year, each team showing a calibre of football superior to that of the average school team. Rutherford's gritty representatives smashed through our forwards, stopped our offense in our own territory and scored a goal from the field right at the start. Another slip-up in our backfield enabled the hard-fighting Rutherfordians to smash through, to block our attempt to kick out of danger, and to score. Five minutes after the start of the game Rutherford led 10 to 0. Central, with true fighting spirit, recovered and found herself as the game wore on, scoring in the third quarter, and more than holding her own for the remainder of the game. Helbig and Krueger, by virtue of their splendid work of the season, were unanimous choices for the All-State team. Captain Charles Gieske, Ernest Zwigard, Edward Leamy, Jack Forman, and Barney Koplin, because of their excellent work through the season, were also mentioned on sectional teams.

The game with Rutherford was a fitting climax to the best year experienced by a Central team. An account of the season would be incomplete without the mention of details which factored prominently in the result. First, we are equipping more men than ever before, with the result in the past year we had out regularly three well-uniformed teams. The school is providing transportation to and from the field, and in mid-season even hires a trainer to help keep the players in good physical condition.

Now as to another very important phase of details which helped to make the past season the success it was: Though not actively participating in the conflict there wasn't a passive element which influenced the success of the team so much as the spirit with which the whole student body and faculty backed its representatives. *The student body won half of our games.*

Prospects for the future are not dulled even by the fact that the squad has lost some of its mainstays through graduation. We have prospects for a bigger squad, a fund for ample equipment, and the certainty of even stronger backing from the student body to warrant our optimism. Add to this a rekindled interest of the "old grads.," who have promised to give their moral and physical support, and we are approaching an ideal which can point in but one direction—straight ahead.

The schedule for the year to come is being carefully arranged. It is our aim to work up gradually so that, should the team be successful, we may be in a position to arrange a game equal in magnitude to that of the Central-Rutherford encounter of this past fall.

THE PIVOT

Following is a complete record of Central's football seasons:

1912.		1916.	
C.	Opp.	C.	Opp.
14 Stevens	0	0 Orange	0
7 Passaic	14	18 Lincoln	0
0 Rahway	32	0 Park Ridge.....	0
10 Paterson	0	6 Newton	41
0 Barringer	40	12 Bloomfield	0
0 Battin	6		
0 Dickinson	6		
16 E. Side H. S... ..	0		
		36	41
47	96		

1913.		1917.	
C.	Opp.	C.	Opp.
0 Roselle	13	0 Bloomfield	0
0 E. Orange H.	36	0 East Side.....	14
17 East Side H... ..	0	0 South Side.....	13
14 Stevens Sch.....	16	0 Paterson	0
20 Orange	6	0 Barringer	31
6 Barringer	6	0 Phillipsburg	33
0 Battin	6	0 Plainfield	20
48 South Side	0	0 St. Benedict's... ..	44
10 St. Benedict's... ..	0		
115	83	0	155

1914.		1918.	
C.	Opp.	C.	Opp.
32 Dover	0	18 West Orange.. ..	7
19 Ridgewood	0	26 Montclair	6
7 Montclair	16	23 New Brunswick ..	6
0 South Side.....	7	24 South Side.....	6
0 Barringer	6	0 E. Orange H.	27
7 East Side.....	7	0 Phillipsburg	28
0 East Orange.....	33	3 Barringer	6
20 St. Benedict's... ..	7	6 East Side.....	21
85	76		

1915.		1919.	
C.	Opp.	C.	Opp.
0 E. Orange H.	36	25 Bloomfield	6
12 E. Side H.....	6	6 Dover	0
0 Phillipsburg	27	21 Trenton	6
0 Barringer	25	6 St. Benedict's... ..	13
0 Rutherford	95		
0 St. Benedict's... ..	27		
0 South Side.....	14		
12	230	58	25

1920.		1921.	
C.	Opp.	C.	Opp.
21 Dover	0	7 Montclair	6
0 Trenton	26	24 S. Orange.....	0
13 Barringer	7	28 Bloomfield	0
20 Freehold	14	14 Barringer	0
0 St. Benedict's... ..	7	23 East Side.....	0
14 East Side.....	7	21 St. Benedict's... ..	7
0 Phillipsburg	17	60 White Plains... ..	0
13 Bloomfield	9	14 New Brunswick ..	0
23 South Side.....	0	21 South Side.....	0
		6 Rutherford	10
104	87	218	23

E. BENKERT FRESH PRETZELS

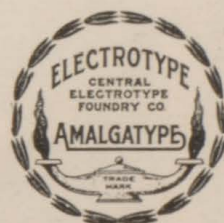
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BASEBALL AND BASKET BALL

By COACH HARRY J. SARGENT

The past two years have been the greatest in athletic achievement of any years since the establishment of Central High School. Ever since the beginning of athletic activity at Central in 1912, our track team has been city, state and national champion so many times that it is more difficult to find a year in which it has not been champion than it is to recount all the years that it has. This applies as well to the cross country team as to the indoor and outdoor track team itself. The uniform success of the track team can be ascribed to the expert knowledge and wonderful judgment of condition and of material shown by the coach, Mr. Carl G. Anderson.

ball team, although beginning with a 16 to 2 defeat at the hands of East Side High School, steadily improved its play through a hard schedule, until in the final game of the season this same East Side team was defeated by the score of 4 to 3 in one of the most thrilling finishes ever witnessed on the City Field diamond. This game brought a splendid climax and a championship to our school.

Owing to the withdrawal of South Side High School and Barringer High School from basketball and the unwillingness of East Side High School to participate under league rules, no championship of the city was awarded in 1920. However, the basketball



OUR BASKETBALL CHAMPS

To win national honors once or twice in the history of a school is considered a remarkable record, but to win them for five and six times in both track and cross country is a record to which few schools can point.

During the last two years Central has probably achieved its greatest success in all branches of athletics. Starting the spring season of 1920, its base-

team of 1920 played through a hard schedule with great success and entered the offered state honors, only to be defeated in the preliminary round, and by the representatives of Orange High School.

The 1921 basketball team wrote for itself a different story. Defeated but three times before the tournament, once by the Alumni, as strong an aggrega-



OUR BASEBALL CHAMPIONS

tion of professionals and semi-professionals as the city affords, and twice by the St. Benedict Preparatory School, Central swept through its schedule without defeat by another high school team, and was, of course, selected to participate in the state tournament. Again, to the surprise of our most ardent followers, Central continued to pile up victories in the tournament, even defeating the strong Montclair aggregation, and picked by many to be the "runners-up" in the state. Entering the same final round of New Brunswick, Central lost in a hard-fought game to Trenton High School by one point only, which left us third in the state standing for the year 1921.

The baseball season again found us with a team composed of many veterans and ready to "carry on" from where the 1920 team left off. A more difficult schedule had been arranged, including our first meet-

ing with the Dickinson High School of Jersey City, whom we met in our opening game and decisively defeated. From then on it was a parade. Our only setback was encountered at the hands of the Newark Technical School, who got away with a fortunate victory. This was our only defeat of the season. Owing to the fact that our term closes one month before the terms of other schools, it was deemed inadvisable to hold the team together for three weeks before Battin High School, which also had been undefeated, completed its schedule. Therefore we did not enter the tournament for state honors. These honors were thereby accorded to Battin High School for the year 1921.

City championship, however, again rests in our possession and will be defended in 1922.

TRACK AND FIELD

BY CARL G. ANDERSON

I have been asked to give a detailed account of our achievements in track and field during the ten years of the school's existence.

When Central opened its portals to the students of Newark some very fine trackmen left Barringer to come here. It did not take a long time for Central, after the opening, to demonstrate to the schools at large of what fine calibre our trackmen were. Space does not permit me to go into details concerning the many trophies and victories that have been won by Central. In the next few paragraphs I will describe some of the chief events in our athletic history.

Only once during the existence of the school has Central High's Cross-Country Team failed to win the State championship. That was during 1921.

In 1914 Central's team won the American track and field outdoor championship at Travers Island, N. Y. In 1916, during the 250th celebration of the founding of Newark, Central repeated this performance. During 1919 Central won the national indoor scholastic meet held in Newark.

The same as in cross-country holds true of Central's track teams. Only once, 1920, did Central fail to win first honors among New Jersey schools, but finished a good second.



OUR CHAMPS IN TRACK

In 1913 the cross-country team won the interscholastic championship at Philadelphia. Charles Boughton, a Centralite, took the leading role in this event. Again, in 1918-1920, our cross-country team exhibited some rare talent in the running sport, winning the national interscholastic championships. In 1918 and 1920 George Douglas and Raymond Fisher, respectively, won individual honors.

In one-mile relay racing, one of the features of track athletics, Central has won national championships twice, the first time in Newark in 1916 at the 250-year celebration, and the second time at the Penn relay races, 1917.

The boys who represented Central, 1916, on the relay team were as follows: O. Heath, E. Hand, L. Sliker and W. Angus.

THE PIVOT

The 1917 team consisted of R. Slater, V. Woodruff, E. Hand and E. Kunkel.

Among the features of Central High School track athletics is the number of boys who have taken part in this sport.

At our annual games our boys have, besides taking part in the regular championship events, which are open to all high and prep. schools of America, also competed in a special interclass relay, closed to boys of C. H. S., and 64 boys (eight teams), representing the hundreds who have tried to make one of the class teams, have proved that track and field sports are thoroughly democratic sports, not closed to a few stars, but giving the masses a chance as well.

To create added stimulus in track and field athletics, Central High School began, 1913, to arrange indoor athletic meets.

These meets have grown to such an extent that this year, at our Tenth Annual and Fifth National Interscholastic Championships, sanctioned by the A. A. U., we can honestly say that Central High School has made a name for itself all over the U. S. A. among schoolboys, college men, A. A. U. men, athletes, and all those who are interested in track and field competition are looking forward to our meet, March 4, 1922.

I wish to say that the reason for our success is, to a great extent, the friendly co-operation between the Principal, Mr. William Wiener, and our Physical Training Department. Also, Mr. Hegeman and Mr. Murray, of the faculty, have helped greatly to make our meet a success. Last, but not least, it has been the boys we have had at Central that have made it possible to achieve such a success. We have had some very great athletes, some very fine student managers, and good spirit amongst the pupils as a whole.

The list of some of our best athletes in different events follows:

100-220 YARD.

D. J. Gardner	1913-14
F. Munster	1915-16
D. Caprio	1918-19
T. Eisenstein	1917



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QUARTER MILERS.

F. Lagay	1912-13
K. Atha	1914
W. Angus	1915-16
E. Kunkel	1917-18
J. Schaefer	1918

MILERS AND HALF-MILERS.

J. Myer	1912-13
C. Boughton	1914-15
C. Allen	1918
V. Woodruff	1916-17
S. Beatty	1919
A. Rauch	1918-19
R. Hooper	1918
G. Douglas	1918-19
R. Fisher	1919-20

HURDLERS.

A. Lasser	1912-13-14
G. Schmon	1915-16
E. Kunkel	1917
H. Pheil	1918-19
A. Rauch	1920

HIGH JUMPERS.

L. Hutchings	1913-14
T. Farrel	1916-17

BROAD JUMPERS.

J. Gardner	1912
C. Esposito	1914-15
F. Munster	1917-18
C. Dippel	1918
W. Helbig	1919-20

POLE VAULT.

A. Lasser	1913-14
T. Farrel	1916-17

WEIGHTS.

J. Smith	1913-14
J. Flockhart	1915-16
G. Bauer	1917-18
F. Freibott	1917-18
W. Helbig	1918-19-20
C. Gieski	1921

As best all around performers at Central High, I would elect

T. Farrel	1916-17
W. Helbig	1919-20-21

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GIRLS' ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES

Our Girls' Gymnasium Department deserves mention at this tenth anniversary date, as any worthy institution deserves commendation. While the girls of Central do not have the opportunity for competition in sports that the boys have, nevertheless they hold up their end of the gymnastic work very efficiently.

The Department started at the inception of Central High School with Miss Christine Dobbins in charge. In the order of their appointment followed Miss Margaret Raleigh, Miss May Dolan (now Mrs. Daniel Homer Rich), Miss Louise French, Miss Katherine Quinn, Miss Elsa Heilich and Miss Helen Maynard; and at this date Miss Mollie Kaufman and Miss Florence Matthews are active as temporary instructors. For a pianist for the Department Miss Helen Meyer preceded our present excellent player, Mrs. Marion McCurdy.

Our Central girls have always responded willingly to outside calls, and when the Newark City Government arranged the wonderful pageant, "Miss Newark," at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the city in 1916, our girls took part with much success.

Also, at the time of the New Jersey State Physical Training Convention in 1920 our girls filled an important part of the program very efficiently.

When competition in games and athletics was mentioned the reference was to inter-school sports. It is the privilege of the Central girls to hold inter-school events, with athletic meets, gymnastic exhibitions, class basketball and baseball games the more important events.

Considering all in all, the Girls' Gymnasium Department is certainly to be highly congratulated for its organization and success.

CENTRAL-ALUMNI GAME

The Central Basketball Team opened their 1922 basketball season with a well-earned victory over the Alumni by the score of 45 to 27 in the gym, Friday, January 13, 1922.

The game was only a few minutes old when the vets went into the lead as Schwankert netted a neat shot from the center of the court. Captain Kruger evened the count a minute later when he intercepted a pass under the basket and quickly turned it into the rim for a two-pointer. Rosenberg put the Blue and White in the lead with a neat field goal. There was plenty of excitement a minute later and screaming from the fair rooters when Bill Helbig tore down the center of the court "a la football style," but in his mad rush Bill went out of bounds. Schwankert repeated with another two-pointer from the same place and received a great ovation from the crowd. "Noody" Rasnick, not to be outdone, rushed into the limelight when he swished the net for a double-decker with a long shot. From this point until the end of the first half the varsity drew away from their opponents. The score at the end of the first period: Central, 24; Alumni, 14.

Kruger continued his good work in the second half, which he opened by scoring a neat field goal. Rosenberg followed this with two fouls, the Alumni coming back with a pair of field goals by Schwankert and Rickles. The vets seemed to be giving us a better tussle in this period. Rosenberg dropped in another basket, his seventh of the game. Helbig got his first field goal of the day a few seconds later with a nifty shot. "Stretch" Meltzer tried hard to break the ice, but he was out of luck, the ball refusing to drop after going around the ring. Abramson stuck in a two-pointer and the crowd found out he was in the game. Just before the whistle blew Doc Sargent sent in sev-

eral substitutes. Among them was Millman, who performed brilliantly. In the few minutes he was in the game he scored a field goal and electrified the crowd by his flashy floor work.

The line-up and score was:

CENTRAL			
	F.G.	F.T.	Pts.
Rosenberg, forward	8	5	21
Gruger, forward	4	0	8
Millman, forward	1	0	2
Shapiro, forward	0	0	0
Meltzer, center	0	2	2
Rasnick, guard	4	0	8
Helbig, guard	2	0	4
Cregar, guard	0	0	0
Bauman, guard	0	0	0
M. Rasnick	0	0	0
Totals.....	19	7	45
ALUMNI			
	F.G.	F.T.	Pts.
Kanowith, forward	1	1	3
Rickles, forward	2	0	4
Kapp, forward	0	0	0
Schwankert, center	5	0	10
Abramson, guard	1	2	4
Shartoff, guard	0	2	2
R. Kruger, guard.....	0	0	0
Tischler, guard	2	0	4
Totals.....	11	5	27
Score by periods:			
Central	24	21	45
Alumni	14	12	26
Referee—C. Bauman.			



THE GYM

OMNIA BONA OPERA,
NEQUAQUAM MALA.



Mr. Joseph F. Rowan

The Senior Class, in accordance with the usual custom, dedicates this issue of The Senior Pivot to the class faculty adviser, Mr. Joseph F. Rowan. The class hopes that the dedication may in a measure express the love and gratitude it feels toward its teacher, adviser, and friend.

THE PIVOT



PRESIDENT OF THE CLASS

ZWEIBEL, LEONARD

14 South Orange Avenue

College Preparatory. Prospects: Cornell University.

"Gentle in method, resolute in action."

Chemical Club; Spanish Club; Advertising Club; Assistant Business Manager of PIVOT; Assistant City Editor; Pistol and Rifle Club; Journalist Club; Overall Club; Tennis Club; Orchestra; G. O. Executive; Treasurer of 4B Class.



HERSCHITZ, JENNIE S.

327 South Sixth Street

Commercial Course. Prospects: Undecided.

"A loving heart is the truest wisdom."

Chess and Checker Club; Glee Club; Barnstormers; Swimming Club; Secretary of Swimming Club.



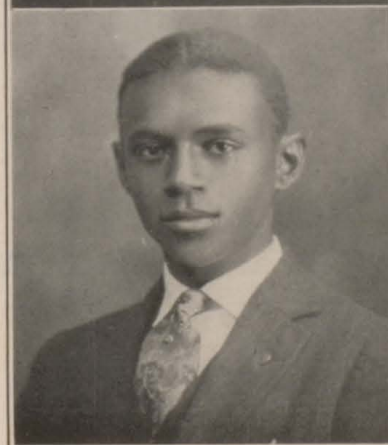
LEMERMAN, ROSE

308 Fifteenth Avenue

College Preparatory. Prospects: Normal.

"I would help others."

4C Prom Committee; Journalist Club; Girls' Swimming Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Girls' Gym Exhibition; Dante Literary Society; Girls' Athletic Association.



WALTON, CHARLES

184 Charlton Street

College Preparatory. Prospects: Medicine.

"To the courageous belongs renown."

Central Service Club; Track Team; Class Relay; Chemistry Club.

THE PIVOT



LEVIN, ANNA

528 Hunterdon Street

Arts Course. Prospects: Music.

"A pleasant voice with a pleasant smile."

Glee Club; Girls' Service Club; Operetta; 4C Carnival Committee; Journalist Club; Dancing Club; Knitting Club.



KOHN, MARTHA

129 South Eleventh Street

Arts Course. Prospects: Warden's Physical Training College.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Glee Club; Girls' Service Club; President of the Girls' Service Club; Senior Prom Committee; Chairman of the 4C Carnival; Journalist Club; Gym Exhibition; Secretary of the 4B Class; Dancing Club; G. O. Delegate of the Girls' Service Club; Senior Basketball Team; English C; Glee Club; Operetta.



VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CLASS

GOTTLIEB, GOLDIE

56 West Street

College Preparatory. Prospects: New York University.

"Prompt at every call of duty."

Secretary of 4B Class; 4C Prom Committee; Girls' Swimming Club; Girls' Service Club; Vice President of Girls' Service Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Centro Castellano; Knitting Club; Girls' Athletic Meet; Girls' Dramatic Club; Journalist Club; Woodrow Wilson Debating Society; Glee Club; Vice President of the 4A Class.



HARRIS, ADELE

407 Warren Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Undecided.

"True nobility attends her always."

Auditor of the PIVOT; Journalist Club; Advertising Club; Girls' Service Club; President of the 4C Class and Girls' Swimming Club.



KOTEL, SOPHIE

310 Belmont Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Normal.

"A woman's hair is her crowning glory."

Glee Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Girl Reserves.



ROTHMAN, SADIE

68 Elizabeth Avenue

Commercial Science. Prospects: Business.

"Poetry is the music of the soul."

Girls' Service Club; Journalist Club; Swimming Club; Barnstormers; PIVOT Board; Personals; Literary Board; Associate Editor; Secretary of G. O.; Secretary of 4A Class.



WORTZEL, LOUIS H.

57 Bedford Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: New York University.

"To be or not to be, that is the question."

Barnstormers; Alpha and Omega; Woodrow Wilson Debating Club.



WOERNER, ANNA

183 Second Street

Commercial Course. Prospects: Undecided.

"Some think the world is made for fun and frolic, and so do I."

Dante Literary Society; Girls' A. A.; Basketball Team; Baseball Team; Girls' Indoor Meet; Girls' Meet; Gym Exhibit; Girls' Gym Club; Omega; Alpha; Girls' Knitting Club.

THE PIVOT



HAVIAR, ELENA ANNA

164 South Ninth Street

Commercial Course. Prospects: Business.

"He is well paid that is well satisfied."

Journalist Club; Central Girl Reserves; Girls' Athletic Association.



TREASURER OF THE CLASS

OPPENHEIM, MORRIS

800 South Fourteenth Street

Technical Course. Prospects: University of Michigan.

"For he that runs well, twice runs his race."

Chemistry Club; Mathematics Club; Class Relay Team; Technical Club; Pistol and Rifle Club; Swimming Club; Chess and Checker Club; Indoor Team.



HANDLER, LILYAN

509 Clinton Avenue

Commercial Course. Prospects: Undecided.

"Good sense and good nature are never separated."

Scholarship Prize; Girls' Dramatic Club; 4C Prom Committee; Dance Committee; Senior PIVOT Board.



COHEN, JULIUS

808 South Fourteenth Street

College Preparatory. Prospects: University of Michigan.

"None but the brave deserve the fair."



SOZIO, FIORE

99 Clifton Avenue

Commercial Course. Prospects: Undecided.

"Big results come from small people."

Dante Literary Society; Chess and Checkers Club.



GERBINSKY, EVA

144 Peshine Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Undecided.

"Silence is virtue."



KISELIK, HENRY

745 South Twelfth Street

General. Prospects: University of Pennsylvania.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

Orchestra; Webster Haynes Debating Club; Alpha; Omega; Cartoonist Club; Class Relay; Spanish Club; Central Service Club; G. O. Delegate Central Service Club; Glee Club; Assistant Manager Central Track Team.



SABELATSKY, ROSE

20 Winans Avenue

Commercial Course. Prospects: Normal.

"Continual cheerfulness is a sign of wisdom."

Dante Literary Club; Journalist Club; Glad Club; Chairman of Constitutional Committee of 4C Class; Chairman of Constitutional Committee of 4B Class; Chess and Checkers Club; Girls' Dramatic Club.

THE PIVOT



BAILIN, HARRY

222 Waverly Avenue

Commercial Course. Prospects: New York University.

"Modesty is the grace of the soul."

Chess and Checkers; Student in Commercial Arithmetic; Mystical Thirteen.



HOBSON, F. WILSON

216 Chadwick Avenue

Arts Course. Prospects: Pratt Institute.

"It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends."

President of 4B Class; President of 4C Class; Central Service Club; Friday Afternoon Dance Committee, Chairman; Chairman G. O. Elections; Chairman of Service Membership Committee; Journalist Club; Alumni Editor of PIVOT; Editor of PIVOT; Business Manager of PIVOT; Advertising Club; Barnstormers.



RYAN, HERBERT

76 Clinton Street

Technical Course. Prospects: Stevens Institute.

"I dare do all that becomes a man."

Vice President and President of Technical Club; Radio Club; Mathematics Club.



FINE, PETER

160 Ridgewood Avenue

Commercial Course. Prospects: University of Michigan.

"Art and music are my foods."

Orchestra; Swimming Club; Spanish Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Central Dance Board; 4C Prom Committee; Book Room; Assistant Advertising Manager of THE PIVOT.

THE PIVOT



FLEISCHMAN, SAM

240 West Kinney Street

Commercial Science. Prospects: New York University.

"What I do, let me do well."

Chess and Checkers Club; Alpha; Omega; Journalist Club; Woodrow Wilson Debating Club.



SEGAL, SARA A.

66 Burnett Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Undecided.

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace."

Girls' A. A.; Girls' Dancing Class; Glee Club.



FRANK, ADRIAN F.

66 Mercer Street

College Preparatory. Prospects: Cooper Union.

"His knowledge is great."

Webster Hayne Debating Club; PIVOT Reporter; PIVOT Agent; Chemistry Club; Chess and Checkers Club.



REICH, HELEN

286 Washington Avenue

Music Arts Course. Prospects: Normal.

"Work is sublime."

Glee Club; Dancing Class; Athletic Club; Prom Committee; Senior PIVOT Board.

THE PIVOT



KARETNICK, JACOB

177 Quitman Street

College Preparatory. Prospects: Business.

"And he certainly was a good fellow."

Radio Club; Pistol and Rifle Club; Chemistry Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Mathematics Club; PIVOT Agent.



BARHASH, ROSE A.

319 Fifteenth Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"I come to conquer."



BARTON, LESLIE

15 St. Paul Avenue

Technical Course. Prospects: Engineering

"To be a well-favored man is a gift of fortune."

PIVOT Agent; Advertisement Solicitor; Central Meet; Chemistry Club; Bicycle Club.



HAAS, ELIZABETH M.

170 Scheerer Avenue

Commercial Course. Prospects: Business.

"Have no friends not equal to yourself."

Literary Editor of the Chatterbox; Glee Club; Secretary of Class Paper; Girls' Athletic Meet; Chairman Senior PIVOT Board.

THE PIVOT



BLANGO, MAE

104 Lock Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Undecided.

"Work brings glory and success."



BORTS, EDITH

491 Avon Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Normal.

"A countenance in which did meet sweet records, promises as sweet."

Girls' A. A.; Girls' Dramatic; Prom Committee.



LIBERMAN, LOUIS

202 Sixteenth Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: New York University.

"I awoke one day to find myself famous."

Webster Haynes Debating Club; Super Student in Commercial Geography; Alpha; Omega; Overall Club; PIVOT Agent; Centro Castellano; PIVOT Business Board; Assistant Circulation Manager; Circulation Manager; Journalist Club; Assistant Cheer Leader; G. O. Delegate of the 4B Class.



LEWIS, ETHEL

506 Bergen Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"For she's not forward, but modest as the dove."

Glee Club; Dancing Class.



MARDER, MOLLY

36 Hillside Place

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Fashion Academy.

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."



BECK, GEORGE

71 Seymour Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: University of Pennsylvania.

"A blithe heart makes many friends."

Central Service Club; Secretary of Central Service Club; Treasurer of Central Service Club; Vice President of Central Club; Spanish Club; Alpha; Omega; Chess and Checker Club; Journalist Club; Webster Debating Club; Barnstormers Club; PIVOT Reporter; Woodrow Wilson Debating Club; Friday Afternoon Dance Committee; Dante Literary Society; Relay Class Team.



MACPEEK, LOIS C.

49 Elliott Street

Arts Course. Prospects: Music.

"With music sweet as love."

Glee Club; Dancing Club; Girls' Reserve; Operetta.



WEINSTEIN, EDNA E.

48 Fairview Avenue

Arts Course. Prospects: Music.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

Glee Club; Gym Exhibition; 4C Carnival.

THE PIVOT



SILVERMAN, NATHAN

544 Bergen Street

Commercial French. Prospects: Business.

"Living a life of eager industry."

PIVOT Agent; Chemistry Club; Chess and Checker Club; Bass Tournament; Chess Tournament; Vice President of Chess Tournament; Secretary of Chess Tournament.



APGAR, HAZEL M.

69 Kearny Street

General Course. Prospects: Undecided.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

Girls' Swimming Club; Dancing Club; Gym Exhibition; Girls' A. A.; Alpha; Omega; Senior PIVOT Board.



FRIEDMAN, NATHAN

43 Bock Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: University of Pennsylvania.

"He doesn't kill himself with work."

Webster Haynes Debating Club; Alpha; Omega; Spanish Club; Woodrow Wilson Debating Club; Journalist Club.



EISENBERGER, CECILIA

249 Broome Street

Arts Course. Prospects: Junior College

"Silence is golden."

Glee Club; Operetta; Knitting Club.

THE PIVOT



GLUCKSMAN, BERNETTA

291 Hillside Avenue

Commercial Course. Prospects: Normal.

*"A noble girl and nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command."*

Girls' Athletic Association; Glee Club; Journalist Club; Girls' Service Club; Secretary of the 4C Class; Vice President of the 4B Class; PIVOT Board; Girls' Dramatic Club; Carnival Committee; Senior Basketball Team.



NEWTES, ANNA

30 Breintnall Place

Arts Course. Prospects: Fashion Academy.

"Come and trip it as you go, on the light fantastic toe."

Glee Club; Swimming Club; Spanish Club; Athletic Club; Dancing Club; 4C Dance Committee; 4C Carnival Committee; Journalist Club; Armory Exhibition; City Field Exhibition.



ROGAL, CELIA R.

408 South Seventh Street

French Commercial. Prospects: Undecided.

"Continual cheerfulness is a sign of wisdom."

Girls' A. A.; Girls' Dancing Club; Vice President of 4C and 4B Class.



JONES, MABEL FRANCES

273 South Eighteenth Street

Art Course. Prospects: Music.

"Vivacity is the gift of woman."

Girls' Gym Club; Girls' A. A.; Girls' Glee Club; Girls' Basketball; Operetta; Dancing Club.

THE PIVOT



TOWERS, MILTON

49 Mead Street

General Spanish. Prospects: University of Maryland.

"Give us a taste of your quality."

President of Technical Club; Journalist Club; Class Relay Team.

KAISER, LEWIS

61 Howard Street

College Preparatory. Prospects: Cooper Union.

"Faithfulness and sincerity first of all."

PIVOT Agent; Chemistry Club; Chess and Checker Club.

OTTO, ARTHUR

71 Winans Avenue

Technical Course. Prospects: Undecided.

"The race by vigor, not by vaunts, is won."

Chess and Checkers Club; Swimming Club; Mathematics Club;
Chemistry Club; Technical Club; Rifle and Pistol Club.

MELCHIONNE, LOUIS

406 North Fifth Street

General Arts. Prospects: Pratts Institute.

"He that hath a trade hath an estate."

Dante Literary Society; Art Club; Sketching Club; Saturday Morning Sketching Club.

LEIBOWITZ, MAX M.

509 South Tenth Street

Technical Course. Prospects: Undecided.

"My Soul is converted when I behold Art."

Goodstein, Jacob

233 Bank Street

College Preparatory. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"Work will always please me."

Chess and Checkers Club; 4C Prom Committee; Journalist Club;
Advertising Club.

Popularity Contest

BALLOT of the 4 A's

Noisiest Boy

George Beck
Louis Liberman

Noisiest Girl

Anna Woerner
Celia Eisenberger

Best Boy Singer

Harry Bailin
Charles Walton

Best Girl Singer

Lois McPeck
Eva Gerbinsky

Biggest Braggart

George Beck
Lillyn Handler

Biggest Bluffer

George Beck
Mollie Marder

Calamity Jane

Celia Eisenberger
Adrian Frank

Teacher's Pet

Rose Sabelotsky
Adrian Frank

Most Studious Boy

Adrian Frank
Charles Walton

Most Studious Girl

Elizabeth Haas
Sadie Rothman

Quietest Boy

Fiori Sozio
Nathan Friedman

Class Pest

Louis Wortzel
Lillyn Handler

Best Looking Boy

Ernest Zwigard
Henry Kiselick

Best Looking Girl

Anna Newtes
Jennie Herschitz

Best Girl Dresser

Celia Rogal
Goldie Gottlieb

Best Boy Dresser

Wilson Hobson
Henry Kiselick

Best Girl Dancer

Anna Newtes
Celia Rogal

Best Boy Dancer

Peter Fine
Henry Kiselick

Most Popular Boy

Ernest Zwigard
Louis Liberman

Most Popular Girl

Goldie Gottlieb
Martha Kohn

Best Boy Orator

Adrian Frank
George Beck

Best Girl Orator

Elizabeth Haas
Bernetta Glucksman

Best Boy Athlete

Ernest Zwigard
Charles Walton

Best Girl Athlete

Anna Woerner
Jennie Herschitz

Best All Round Boy

Louis Liberman
Wilson Hobson

Best All Round Girl

Elizabeth Haas
Bernetta Glucksman

Laziest Person

George Beck
Martha Kohn

Liveliest Boy

Wilson Hobson
George Beck

Liveliest Girl

Lillyn Handler
Celia Rogal

Class Politician

Sadie Rothman
Louis Wortzel

Wittiest Person

Nathan Silverman
Lillyn Handler

Hardest Worker

Rose Sabelotsky
Charles Walton

Most Obliging Person

Eva Gerbinsky
Louis Wortzel

Quietest Girl

Edith Borts
Ethel Lewis

Class Baby

Rose Sabelotsky
Fiori Sozio

Most School Spirited

Louis Liberman
Elizabeth Haas

Best Mixer

Bernetta Glucksman
Louis Liberman

THE PIVOT

CLASS WILL

We, the class of February, 1922, Central High School, of the City of Newark, County of Essex and State of New Jersey, being sound in body and in full possession of our faculties, do hereby make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament:

Article I. We give and bequeath to the entire school our most learned and beloved principal, Mr. William Wiener, whose support and guidance has been the cause of our success in school.

Article II. We leave our esteemed faculty to the students of our Alma Mater in order that they may also receive the knowledge and support which has meant so much to us.

Article III. We bequeath to Central High School the good will and advice of our teacher, Mr. J. Rowan.

Article IV. We bequeath to the entire school the hopes of Central, namely, our far-famed PIVOT.

Article V. To those who have No Knowledge of its existence, namely, the students who eat in the basement and other uncanny places, we leave the lunch room.

Article VI. Knowing full well the power exerted by detention in keeping the pupils on the straight and narrow path leads us to joyously leave 217 to those who may need it.

Article VII. We bestow on the undeserving 4B's our exalted places in the school, as well as our seats in the auditorium, even though we know that they will be unable to fill these places with the dignity characteristic of us.

Article VIII. To the active members of Central we bequeath our wonderful clubs, murmuring a prayer that they will prosper under new guidance.

Article IX. We bequeath to anyone who may need it and who will use it carefully, the school, our Alma Mater, which has contained our hopes for the last four or five years.

Article X. We bestow on our athletic students, the sports, in which Central has excelled, together with the wonderful collection of trophies. In making this bequest we do so with the understanding that the above mentioned parties will do their best to add to the collection.

Article XI. We bequeath a portion of our school spirit to all of the students.

Lastly: All properties, not mentioned above, but still in existence, shall be left intact and undivided for the common benefit and pleasure of all present and future students of our Alma Mater.

In terminating the bequests of the Class of February, 1922, we do hereby designate and appoint our principal, Mr. William Wiener, as executor of our estate.

In witness thereof we hereby set our seal this month of February, in the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-two.

(Signed) CLASS OF FEBRUARY, 1922.

Sealed in the presence of:

HAZEL APGAR, Attorney.

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171 E. FRONT STREET, PLAINFIELD

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Passaic, Paterson, Union Hill, Bayonne
and Jersey City.

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Text Book of Thrift.*

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"Every Good Banking Facility"

THE PIVOT

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

SADIE ROTHMAN

"What!! You're a little fibber, that's what you are—an' if I tell Ma, an' she fin's out, you'll get it good an' hard, believe me!"

"Aw, whatsa matter, you ate it up, an' you know it an' I know it, but I'm not gonna tell Ma anyway—she's writin' in there an' I won't bother her now—when I grow up to be a man I'm gonna write things like Ma, too, and how can ya do it with a bunch o' kids like you yellin' around?"

"You—you—fibber! Ma! Oh Ma! Mamma!!"

"Yes, dear—but don't yell quite so loudly."

"Ma, he—"

"I did not—"

"What! You—"

"My dears," I managed to ejaculate, "come, come, stop all this scrapping. I don't know what it's all about and I'm not going to find out. Here—come to Mother."

In the delightful manner of children, they each sprang into my opened arms and in the general kissing which ensued I am afraid George kissed 'Genie rather soundly.

They insisted upon a story as was their wont, for both my youngsters were highly imaginative. And there came to my mind a beautiful idea—I would tell them of my high school mates. It would be different and illuminating. I cuddled them in closer to me and began:

"We were a large class that graduated in 1922, and as fine a group of boys and girls you can come across. But I'm going to tell you what and where they all are now, dears. I've kept track rather diligently—earnestly, you know, and I know all about them.

"Well—you know Elizabeth Haas—lives down the block. Yes, yes, Tommy's her boy. She got married same year I did—to Harold, I believe, yes and—"

"N what else, Ma?"

"Right here in the theatre, where you go Sundays, are quite a few of my old friends, too. There's Edith Borts—does the fancy dancing, you know—and Mollie Marder in the dramatic sketch every week, and yes, Sam Fleishman plays her leading man almost all the time, while the villain, the one who scares you sometimes, sillies, is only our old Wilson Hobson. Little did we dream he'd turn so ferocious! The nice music you like, 'Genie dear, is played by Peter Fine with Elena Haviar at the piano. And sometimes when they have movies on Saturday afternoons you can see Martha Kohn and Adele Harris vamping away. But it's all in fun, dears, they're really lovely girls.

"The bakery shop on the corner, you know, Liberman's place? Well, he was a good old friend—he wore real black goggles then, you know, the funny kind? And his wife, that pretty little woman, was one of my best friends in school. Sure—Celia Rogal, but how could I know—? The little girl who poses outside for their delicious animal crackers is another schoolmate, Rose Sabelotsky. Dear little Rose! She sure did rise!

"Well, there's some that traveled far away. Sophie Kotel is off doing missionary work in the Samoan Islands with a group of enthusiasts. There's Edna Weinstein, Herbert Ryan, Mary Rotonda, Ethel Lewis, Milton Towers, Louis Kaiser and Fiori Sozio as their cook. Ah yes, we're well represented all over.

"Yes, and there's Lillyan Handler, head of a male nunnery in Liberia, far, far away. And George Beck is her favorite victim—perhaps, some day, who knows? Burnetta Glucksman, poor dear Birdie, is matron of the Deaf, Dumb and Blind School for Cats in South Carolina. She's got a bad time of it, poor girl. Oh yes, Jennie Herschitz, a very sweet girl, got married to a regular duke or something, while he was visiting here. She went across—and now they say she's comin' back. Yes, yes.

"The only bachelor in our class is Henry Kiselick. He lives somewhere out West with a big black dog for sole companionship."

"Why, Ma?"

"Oh—he's queer that way.

"There are quite a few of us scattered out West. Let's see—Hazel Apgar, happily married, is living somewhere in California. Mabel Jones is teaching school in Denver; Jacob Karetnick is managing a Kosher sausage factory somewhere in the desert out there. They say it's a good business, who knows? Morris Oppenheim is treasurer of a bank in Hackensack, New Jersey, and he employs Kenneth Schlenker and Charles Walton as his guards in case some robbers should think he has money and fire on him."

"An' they carry pistols an' everything?"

"Sure, just like a cop. Would my boy like to do that?"

"Yeah—tell me more, Ma."

"Well, we have quite a few talented people, geniuses, you know, from my little class in 1922. There is Lois McPeck, the famous prima donna, touring Europe now; Louis Melchione, the world-famous artist; Nathan Silverman, the exquisite poet, and Katherine Marcell, the world-known hairdresser."

(Continued on page 63)

Senior

NAME	ALIAS	AILMENT	CURE	DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS
Apgar, Hazel	"Hazv"	Study	More Study	Marks
Bailin, Harry	"Stretch"	Bashfulness	Nice Girls	Silence
Barhash, Rose	"Hash"	Too much hash	Less hasn	Shrimp
Barton, Leslie	"Les"	Quiet	Bomb	Hair
Beck, George	"Becko"	Conceit	Chemistry	Hands
Blango, Mae	"Mae"	Laziness	Homework	Smile
Borts, Edith	"Edy"	"So"	English	Fatness
Cohen, Julius	"July"	Cutting	Mr. Sinclair	Stoutness
Eisenberger, C.	"Celia"	Calamity	No cure	Teeth
Fine, Peter	"Pete"	Girls	Boys	Jazz Music
Fleischman, Sam	"Sammy"	Noisy	Detention	Awkwardness
Frank, Adrian	"Franky"	Girlish	Football practice	Glasses
Friedman, Nathan	"Nat"	Ambition	A love affair	Sorrel Top
Gerbinsky, Eva	"Eve"	Molly	No Molly	Looks
Glucksman, Bernetta	"Bertie"	Voice	Voice Culture	Behavior
Gottlieb, Goldie	"Goldie"	Love	Marriage	Daintiness
Haas, Elizabeth	"Dolly"	Talking	Ether	Critic
Handler, Lilyan	"Skinny"	Lilyan	Lillian	Eat
Harris, Adele	"Dell"	Boys	No cure	Hair
Havier, Elena	"El"	Quiet	Volcano	Eyes
Herschitz, Jennie	"Jen"	Sweetness	Lemon	Eyes
Hobson, F. Wilson	"Billy"	Art	'Mongst Men	Ties
Jones, Mabel	"Joney"	Quietness	Earthquake	Neatness
Kaiser, Louis	"Red"	Size	Protein	"And"
Karetnick, Jacob	"Jack"	Latin	Gall	Curly Head
Kiselik, Henry	"Selly"	Conceit	Looks	Nonsense
Kohn, Martha	"Skeeziks"	Laugh	Muffler	Dancing
Kotel, Sophie	"Soph"	Silence	E. K.	Sense
Liebowitz, Max	"Lieby"	Quiet	Jazz	Hair
Lemerman, Rose	"Rose"	Fast Talking	Herzberg	Height
Levin, Anna	"Ann"	Quietness	Martha Kohn	Hair
Lewis, Ethel	"Et"	Dancing	Blue Law	Shining nose
Liberman, Louis	"H. Lloyd"	Activeness	Lazy person	Brief-case
MacPeck, Lois	"Lou"	Boys	Marriage	Teeth
Marcel, Katherine	"Kate"	Boys	Disappointment	Dress
Marder, Mollie	"Dada"	Eva	Unknown	Art
Melchionne, Louis	"Melchie"	Pictures	Art Studio	Size
Mullen, Katherine	"Kate"	Boys	Disappointment	Eyes
Newtes, Anna	"Ann"	Boys	Disappointment	Sweater
Oppenheim, Morris	"Oppie"	Sports	Gym	Distraction
Reich, Helen	"Hellie"	Laughing	New One	Blush
Rogal, Celia	"Cel"	Giggling	Sinclair	Short
Rothman, Sadie	"Sellie"	Poetry	Marriage	Skirts
Rotonda, Mary	"Mare"	Boys	Nunnery	Laugh
Ryan, Herbert	"Herb"	Solitude	Noise	His eyes
Sabelotsky, Rose	"Rosie"	Talking	Deaf Husband	Hair
Schlenker, Kenneth	"Ken"	Girls	Bachelorship	Dimples
Segal, Sara	"Dear"	There is none	Absolutely none	Eyes
Silverman, Nathan	"Nat"	Talking	Boils	Lips
Sozio, Fiore	"Sozo"	Study	More Study	Short
Towers, Milton	"Towers"	Conceit	Looks	Face
Walton, Charles	"Chalsie"	Quiet	Cyclone	Track Suit
Weinstein, Edna	"Etta"	Piano	Kazoo	Walk
Woerner, Anna	"Ann"	Height	A couple inches	Bleach Blonde
Wortzel, Louis	"Horace"	Height	Stretch	Speaking
Zweibel, Leonard	"Len"	Pivot	Graduation	Looks
Zwigard, Ernest	"Zwiggie"	Football	Dancing	Quarterback

Slams

DOOM

Old Maid
Poor House
Hash Eater
A Baby
Model for animal crackers
A Crank
Butter tub
Truant Officer
History Teacher
Jail
To propose
Silent partner
A short fat woman
Mirror
Suffragette
Toe Dancer
Tongue-tied
Diet
Bald
Glasses
Vampire
A Wife
Beauty parlor
Ask Mr. Conovitz
Professor
A wife
C. G.
Life Job
The Drum
Small man
Barber
Stage
Fireman
Dentist
Winter
Artist
Painter
Vamp
New Wardrobe
Marriage
Proposed
Long Blond Fellow
Editor
History Teacher
Priest
Marriage
Scavenger
Skinny
Hades
Professor
Overbrook
Another C. Paddock
G. O. Delegate
Soho
Undertaker
President
Minister

How THEY GOT THROUGH

Who knows?
Floated
Ran Through
Squeezed Through
Pushed Through
Crawled
Sympathy
Cut Through
Walked
Talked His Way Through
Sneaked Through
Hard work
Slipped
Deserved
Crawled
Deserved
Pull
Marched
Ask Mr. Mumma
Unknown
Slid
Took his time
Escaped
Slipped Through
Studied
Undecided
Danced Through
Who knows
It is hard telling
Skin of her teeth
Good riddance
Worked
Ran
Sang
Vamped
Deserved
Worked
Escaped
Mystery
Ran
Deserved
Vamped
Worked Hard
Six Years
Worked
Smiled
Vamped
Escaped
Fooled
Worked
Cut
Ran
Played
Swam
Fooled the Teachers
Six Years
Plunged

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*originators of the newest in
sport hats - and creators of
the smartest in workroom
models.*

Lissner's

693-695 BROAD ST.

(Continued from page 60)

"Oh, Ma—"

"Yes?"

"Anyone in the—in the circus?"

"Yes, yes, I almost forgot—"

"What, Ma, what?"

"There's Anna Woerner as the champion nose-wiggler in the world and Helen Reich as the fattest freak. Yes, she sure did gain some. There are Rose Lemmerman and Max Liebowitz as the dancing fiends. They dance everything and everywhere and it is fun to watch them. Rose persists in looking so studious—something like you, 'Genie dear. That's all, I think, in the circus.

"Georgie, here's something that'll interest you. There are three of us in politics, real up high, too. Louis Wortzel is the President's own valet and Leo Zweibel is actually Governor of Pennsylvania. He's married, too, to one of our own girls, Anna Newtes. Dear Anna is so sweet and lets him have his own way all the time, except when she's angry of course. And they have the jewel of a little baby boy. God bless them! They're worth it!

Castles Heathized Ice Cream

JERSEY'S PUREST
Because Its Heathized

"At the University in Pennsylvania there are a couple of us teaching. Anna Levin is High Master in History; Mae Blango is a Doctor of Philosophy; Rose Barhash specializes in the intricate problems of psychology. Indeed, she has written a most wonderful book on the subject entitled, 'Human Nature; Its Subtleties.' Really quite delightful. When you grow up, 'Gene, you'll enjoy it, I know.

"Ernie Zweigard, our football hero, is coach in the same university and his boys seem to know something about football. Ah, football in the good old days at Central! We knew how to play!

"Oh yes, I forgot—Adrian Frank is a touring minister. They say his sermons are so eloquent and heartrending that even the women weep. He always could wag that tongue of his, that boy. Harry Bailin and Leslie Barton are in business together. They manufacture some kind of a smelly leather to use for shoes, you know. Let's see, there's Sarah Segal, Eva Gerbinsky and Goldie Gottlieb hiking the country at present. You read about them in the papers? They wore those funny kind of pants, you know? Sure—well, they were three of the finest girls in Central. They should have married—they should have married!

"I think I am finished with my tale—Oh no, there's Catherine Mullen sailing the seas all year 'round with her sailor-husband. And writing poetry, too, yes, yes, and Nathan Friedman is the red-headed captain of a fishing schooner somewheres. He's got Julius Cohen with him as chief fish-catcher and both—both—

"Genie—Georgie—wake up, you poor little dears. Wake up, it's time for real bed. It's past nine."

It was when I was cuddling 'Genie in bed that he whispered,

"Ma—did you—Ma, did Pa go to—did you marry Pa—in school—I mean did Pa grajate school with you—Ma?"

I laughed. "No, dear, I met him later."

"Aw right, Ma—goo' night—kiss me."

FINIS

Telephone 2902 Mulberry

The Presto Lunch

Gavalas & Maskaleris, Props.

148 MARKET STREET

Newark, N. J.



THE ORGAN ALMOST A REALITY

Several years have elapsed since the first thought of an organ in Central High School was originated, and since then it has been a long cherished hope of all to install this organ that will give Central High the prestige over all schools as a center of musical activity for the community.

The results of the labors of our numerous activities have helped the fund to reach the sum of \$2,635.41. Although the endless efforts on the part

of the Central Service Club and the Girls' Service Club were not in vain, our task is not ended.

Now, music lovers, alumni, students, and even the general public, if you wish to enjoy many musical entertainments, won't you contribute to this cause, and help to make this organ a reality for all of us? Ten thousand dollars is the required sum, and with your co-operation our purpose will soon be attained.

CENTRAL STUDENT PRIZE WINNER

Another notable victory has been scored by the representatives of Central. It seems that a contest hardly exists in which some participant from the Blue and White does not carry off the premier honors. Latest in the field of notable achievements is William Shawcross, a freshman in the commercial course. For his splendidly written letter on the subject, "Why I Want a Wireless for Xmas," William received from the *Newark Star-Eagle* a wireless A B C unit.

Although only fifteen years old, our newest prodigy has acquired quite an electrical laboratory on his own account and has made a few inventions. The

future Steinmetz seems to be quite a precocious lad and we can see nothing but a brilliant future for him.

The letter that "brought home the bacon" contained the story of the youth's struggles in setting up a suitable wireless set. Although faced by many difficulties, William plugged ahead and had his set near completion when fate intervened. His family moved and when unpacking time arrived nothing but harsh memories remained of his labors. Again fate played a prominent part, and by virtue of his letter, young Shawcross received a brand new set. We wish to extend our heartiest congratulations to you, William, and can only wish you a similar success in later life.

GIRLS' DRAMATIC CLUB

Through graduation the Dramatic Club lost many able members. The remainder did not lose hope, but started afresh with the new officers: Esther Pastelnick, president; Minnie Stern, vice-president; and Miriam Corlin, G. O. delegate, to lead them.

The Club intends to produce a play written by its members to be given this month. The play is

about a bad boy who always tells lies. One day a fairy cures him. Then the real trouble begins. Every member of his family is continually embarrassed for Willie now will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. As usual with plays, this one ends with happiness for all.

THE PIVOT

THE G. O. MEETS

Something almost inexplicable has occurred! The G. O. Executive Board has met and has met again and expects to meet many more times in the future. The fact is—they intend meeting every single month hereafter—and to post a Treasurer's Report on the bulletin board once a month. What could have happened?

At their first meeting, held on December 14, 1921, they discussed and wrangled and propounded, not

to say expounded, the question of backing up financially the Anniversary Dance which the Boys' Service Club intended running at the Washington.

The motion finally was tabled. At their next meeting it was hurriedly passed on and passed favorably for the expectant boys.

We can only hope that in the future the G. O. will meet regularly as intended and not with a sudden spurt, sending all wonderingly wide-eyed.

THE JOURNALIST CLUB

The Journalist Club is one of the most promising and best clubs of Central High at the present time. The pupils have responded splendidly to the urgent call for membership and PIVOT copy.

Meetings are held on Mondays in Room 402; and every Monday P. M. sees an eager group of enthusiasts ready for work. The editor of THE PIVOT, Louis Goldman, presides and tries to keep order to the best of his ability—but then what can one do when bright-eyed lads and lassies insist upon getting excited and raising everything—including the seats?

Then there is Mr. Snodgrass, the faculty advisor, who adds to the interest of the club; for when Mr. Snodgrass starts to discourse all the members, usually busy talking, sit and listen in silence, a thing which our member orators do not receive.

The Journalist Club—the place where is to be found all Central's pupils of literary bent who some day will be famous!

The Journalist Club was once the mightiest club in Central—it still is—and it is going to continue to be—the voice of Central High.

CENTRAL ENTERTAINED

On Friday morning, December 23, 1921, were held the pre-Christmas morning exercises in the Assembly. There was lots of splendid music by the orchestra, which the students greatly enjoyed and appreciated.

Samuel Applebaum then played a few beautiful solos, his "Ave Maria" filling the audience with as holy and solemn a flow of feeling as can be desired

before Christmas. When the first notes of "Humoresque" floated from his throbbing violin, the more sensitive of the listeners were suffused with something altogether intangible—some feeling of joy and of a strange sorrow which blended into one overpowering feeling of heart-rending uncertainty.

Applebaum played more—much more—but the solos cannot be differentiated; all were a sublime flow of beauty.

CENTRAL STAMP CLUB

The Central Stamp Club, which has just been organized, fills a long-felt want in Central, and is destined to become one of its most popular clubs.

This may seem a broad statement, but how can a club which offers so much to its members remain in the background. With the aid of reference works easily accessible to club members, and with talks on philately by various people, one increases one's knowledge of geography, history, races of people, resources, minerals, agriculture, industries, and the monetary systems of the world. The commercial

and financial phases are not to be overlooked. The collector acquires valuable business methods in exchanging, which will be an asset in later life. An example will prove its financial worth. A collection started by a seven-year-old boy and added to for eleven years was sold for enough to pay the collector's way through college. If you would like to enjoy these advantages, come up to Room 206 any Wednesday afternoon. Beginners will be given 100 stamps with which to start a collection.

THE PIVOT



ART CLASS IN SESSION



AN UP-TO-DATE CLASSROOM

TECHNICAL CLUB TRIP

Every operation in the manufacture of this delicious and refreshing delicacy from the freezing of the ice to the packing of the finished products was noted with intense and wide-eyed interest. The different stages in the production of the cream were explained by William List, son of a Puritan official and sponsor of the trip. After a lengthy sojourn in the realms of Frost, an invitation was extended by Mr. List to participate in the enjoyment of a plate of ice cream. Strange to say, and unusual to note, the kind offer was not refused, the Puritan Company thereby disposing of several tons of ice cream extra.

The boys (having been previously presented with plates and spoons) lined up in single file and marched past the donor, who generously filled the plates of the sad-faced youths (?) with heaping stacks of shiny, refreshing cream. When one finished his plate (of cream) he returned to the line and bravely marched past the banquet department. Eight servers were worn out by the steady advance of the starving horde, and after the supply had been exhausted (the writer having done his full share in the packing away of several quarts), we were forced to call it a day, and a fine one at that.

Profuse and sincere thanks were offered the officials of the Puritan Company, who assured us it

was a pleasure to help us out (this being a necessary feature after the feast). An aching farewell was bid the plant, and the boys rushed or staggered to the nearest drug store. Needless to say, all recovered, and are able to discuss the trip. Visits to Ward's Baking Company, a local candy plant and a jewelry factory (where samples are issued) are being planned. Don't rush.

In accordance with the routine of the Central Technical Club this organization embarked upon its weekly trip to local industrial plants. Naturally, an industry that affords great interest to the average student would be the best for inspection. With this idea in mind, the visit was directed to the large and frigid plant of the Puritan Ice Cream Company in this city.

The magic words, ice cream, seem to possess an intangible attraction, as the entire club (an unusual occurrence) turned out for this trip. As they numbered about 30 strong (and hungry) one does not have to imagine much about the vast army that paid their respects to the Puritan. A turbulent, but short ride, brought them to the Wilson avenue vanilla and chocolate dispensary. Mounting the can-cut platform, the army proceeded to engage in the strenuous art of observing.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Marian M. Beane, is preparing an operetta, "The American Girl," by Charles Vincent. This is the same composer who wrote "The Japanese Girl," with which the Girls' Glee Club made an excellent reputation, both for singing and acting, a few years ago.

The following is a brief synopsis of the story:

Eva Hope, an American girl, is traveling in England with her father, when he is called to France on business, and arranges for Eva, accompanied by her maid, to stay with his sister, Lady Melton, at Belford Hall. By some mistake Eva comes to Belford House, a summer school kept by Miss Carew, who is expecting a new pupil from Ireland. Eva arrives during the temporary absence of Miss Carew and soon discovers her error, but agrees with two girls to stay for a day and impersonate the Irish girl. This leads to some amusing incidents, as Miss Carew, who is slightly deaf, is completely deceived.

The following is the cast:

Vera and Myra Burdett, pupils at Belford House School.....Lois McPeck and Anna Kolba
Miss Carew, principal of Belford House School (very deaf)Rae Steinlauf
Miss Miffins, assistant mistress and gymnastic instructorAmy Amsterdam
Lady Melton, aunt of Eva May Hope (slightly eccentric)Ida Ann Spurr
School Girls—Edna Harris, Violet Newman, Dora Beale, Anna Levin, Martha Kohn, Minetta Raglyn.
Bridget O'Halloran, Eva Hope's maid
.....Laura Osborne
Eva May Hope, the American girl, touring Europe with her father, who is at present in France....
Byrdine Block
Chorus of School Girls

It is expected that "The American Girl" will be produced on Wednesday evening, February 15, 1922, as a part of the festivities of our tenth anniversary. The proceeds will be to aid the organ fund.

THE PIVOT

TELEPHONE INSTRUCTION AT CENTRAL

We were uniquely honored recently by a visit of the Instruction Board of the New York Telephone Company. Apparatus representing a model telephone switchboard was rigged up on the platform and an explanatory operation of the boards demonstrated. Movies of interesting topics filled the bill.

The lecture, or show, opened with a film comedy featuring the inimitable Harold Loyd, entitled "Number Please." It depicted exactly what does not happen at the stations when calls are sent in. The much-famed service would be in a riotous state of affairs if the average operator fulfilled her duties in this satirical fashion. At the finish of the film a well-known figure in the telephone industry, Mr. Joseph A. Hurley, local commercial manager, described, or rather suggested, by means of a painted background, the steps necessary in the completing of a call.

Two of the Telephone Company's little workers, Miss Ethel Adams and Miss Hermine Welle, enacted, together with clear explanations, the various operations in the central office. The subscriber's parts were taken by Messrs. James Ross and J. A. Carr. Not a step, even as to giving wrong numbers, was left out by the willing instructors. The

faults of the erring subscriber were straightened out and the kinks and ruffles ironed in an orderly fashion. The voices of the "operators" were keyed to the desired pitch so as to allow all to miss none of the much-sought information.

The pleasing program was topped off very satisfactorily. For "dessert," an educational film was shown, explaining both pictorially and verbally the various materials needed for one year of telephone service. It is rather astounding to note how much material is consumed. For instance, would the average person ever conceive of using about 75,000,000 pounds of copper, 40,000,000 pounds of paper, about an equal weight of rubber and fibre silk? The figures probably do not seem large, but the actual sight of the materials if placed together would give rise to the familiar phrase, "There ain't no such stuff."

We cannot express our gratitude to Mr. Hurley and his associates. Their work has placed them in the warmest spot nearest our hearts, therefore hearty invitations for a return visit are cheerfully extended to the representatives of the New York Telephone Company.

RECOGNITION FOR SERVICE RENDERED BY CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

The following extract is taken from the December issue of *Among Our Neighbors*, 17 Central Avenue, Newark: "The response to our Thanksgiving letter was very generous. On behalf of those who are being helped by these gifts we wish to thank those who sent money and also the volunteers who gave their time. Special gratitude is due the Central Commercial and Manual Training High School for addressing the envelopes."

JAMES TELFER.

DANTE SOCIAL

On December 14 the members of the Dante Literary Society held a social gathering. The social committee, consisting of Jean Seco, Lietta Troiani and Frank Cerreto, held several contests in which Louis Goldman and Isabelle Sullivan were the victors. They were both awarded boxes of candy. Social dancing and refreshments followed, and everyone had a fine time.

The officers of the club are: President, Frank Petrucco; vice-president, A. Salvato; secretary, Lena Del Bagno; G. O. delegate, Lietta Troiani.

CENTRAL GIRLS IN Y. W. C. A. PAGEANT

On December 2, 1921, the Y. W. C. A. Girl Reserves presented a pageant called "The Festival of the Harvest Moon," in which the Central Girl Reserves took part.

The pageant deals with that lazy fellow—the Moon, whose birthday it is. Those who help him

celebrate are the Primitives, the Hebrews, the Greeks, the Pilgrims, the Harvesters, and the people of today. The merry-making is checked by the arrival of Grouch, the Blues, the High Cost of Living, and Ticker. The undesirables are cured by Dr. Psyche, and fun begins anew. The festival lasts until the cock crows and then the sleepy guests depart.



THE GIRLS' SWIMMING CLUB

The Girls' Swimming Club is starting the present term with more vim than ever. The membership has increased to ninety, and each member has put her heart to its activities. The officers are: Presi-

dent, Rhoda Eder; secretary, Jeanne Hershitz. The club expects to progress rapidly, and to indulge in other sports besides swimming.

STENOGRAPHY AND TYPEWRITING NOTES

Lively Interest in the Typewriting Medal Awards.

Much interest is evinced by the pupils of Central in the monthly award of medals given for speed and accuracy in typewriting. Hitherto there was a certificate award for proficiency, but since the inception of the medal awards last fall considerably more interest is being manifested by the boys and girls. A bronze medal with one bar is given for a net result of forty words per minute in a fifteen minute test, and an additional bar is awarded for each additional ten words above this limit; thus if a pupil writes fifty words he would be awarded a medal with two bars. Last month Miss Rose Barhash received the coveted medal with three bars attached, indicating that she

wrote sixty or more words net a minute for fifteen minutes.

Some of the pupils who have earned the medals include Selma Edelstein, Pauline Loesner, Martha Johnson, Robert McKeown, Leonarda Peretz, Elizabeth Blatter, Sadie Rothman, Paul Siniscal, Ruth Greenfield, Sadye Marotta, Ethel Grunes, Marion Farrel, Sam Garb, Helen Burfield, Rose Barhash, Irma Losi, Pauline Eidenbaum, Anna Hoffman, Florence Pippert, Pearl Commando and Emily Prach. Miss Barhash is now practicing for the silver medal which is the next award given for a net record of seventy or more words a minute.

THE NECESSITY FOR HIGH STANDARDS

STANLEY A. RALSTON

Stenography and Typewriting have been labeled "Bread and Butter" subjects so often that there is a tendency to look upon them as purely vocational subjects.

That they do prepare and train pupils in such a manner that they may go out after graduation and earn a livelihood is true. But aside from and in addition to this specialization, the subjects have a cultural value too often lost sight of. Few other branches of learning more systematically train the memory and develop the ability to concentrate. The pupil is compelled by the nature of these subjects to give close attention to the little things. Ever so slight a change may make much difference in the reading of the outline. These subjects also directly improve the pupil's spelling. While shorthand is based upon the sound rather than upon the spelling of words, yet all dictation must be transcribed, and such constant writing in longhand and correcting with the use of the dictionary can hardly do other than improve one's spelling and enlarge the vocabulary.

One often hears the remark that stenography and typewriting are difficult to master as compared with other high school subjects. This is rather exaggerated, for the pupil is only required to grasp a few principles or memorize a few outlines each week and that which taken as a whole appears most difficult becomes comparatively simple when broken up into many parts. Much depends on the attitude of the pupil as he begins his study. Very few who hon-

estly strive and put forth their best efforts have any difficulty in reaching the desired degree of proficiency.

It has been said that the standard of requirement of the Stenographic Department is too high, that the teachers give low marks. A parent complained that her boy could take dictation at home very well and she was sure he did not make so very many errors in reading from his notes. She felt that he should receive a higher rating in his work. No doubt the boy did do fairly good work and work that might in certain other subjects be properly rated as seventy per cent. or higher. What the parent failed to realize was that the Stenographic Department is trying to prepare its pupils so thoroughly that if the need of earning a living should ever present itself the pupil will be in a position to accept a position with a good salary.

In order that the pupil may be so prepared it is necessary to meet the requirements of the business man. No business man is satisfied with work that is seventy per cent. perfect. Such work has no commercial value. He can not afford to send out a letter which is seventy per cent. right.

Employers are constantly asking for Central students. They are anxious to secure them, and this is largely true because Central is insisting that pupils reach a goal as near one hundred per cent. as possible, rather than be satisfied with something less.

Largest Retailers in the State
WASHINGTON FLORIST
Floral Designers and Decorators
577 BROAD STREET

Where Do You Eat?

If you are dissatisfied with the food you are getting,
come and see us.

"Clean, Wholesome and Homelike" is our
motto. Prices right—food good.

JOS. POSNER
High and New Sts., Newark, N. J.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
FISCHER'S
Pure Rye Bread
SWEET MARIE
BUTTERCUP
Fischer Baking Company
Newark, N. J.

Compliments of
F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.
661 BROAD STREET
Newark, N. J.

THE PIVOT



Ten years ago when the stenography and typewriting department was transferred from Barringer High School to Central High, the equipment was very meager and consisted of about twenty-four typewriters and the same number of small tables. There was but one teacher at that time. A partial list of the equipment in the department at the present time includes one hundred and sixty-seven late model typewriters, a similar number of up-to-date typewriting desks and tables, a complete dictaphone outfit for recording and transcribing business letters, a special typewriter equipped with an adding and subtracting

device, duplicating devices for reproducing handwriting and typewriting, filing cabinets for teaching filing, paper fastening machines, card indexes, and bookcases. The best known makes of typewriters are represented in our equipment and all the keyboards are blank. This is not a handicap to our pupils because they are taught the scientific method of writing by touch. The teaching staff of the department has increased to nine members, notwithstanding the fact that the two-year course in stenography and typewriting has been eliminated from this school.

Central Garage

95 Summit Street

Opp. Rear Entrance of School

Space for Your Convenience

Special Prices and Attention to
Centralites

Expert Auto Mechanics

NIFTY CLOTHES

National Clothing Co.

227 Springfield Avenue

Newark, N. J.

THE PIVOT

STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT

OSCAR M. LASSER

Statistics show that:—

If all the dishes made in one year in New Jersey were dropped from a height of 200 feet, there'd be an awful crash.

If all the nickels spent for hot dogs in one month were placed in rows along High street they wouldn't last very long.

If a pupil were to sit in the Assembly at the start of the first period and laugh at all the PIVOT-ickles printed since 1918, she would probably get detention.

If all the speeches made in the Assembly were put together into one, and printed on paper 10 inches wide, nobody would ever read it.

If all the papers thrown around school in one

month were to be placed in a pile in front of the school, and a match lit at the bottom, we'd have quite a nice fire.

If you were to start at 8 o'clock to count the bricks in the school, people would think you were crazy.

If all the books used in the school were to be piled one on top of each other, the pile would topple over.

There are 365,421,897,132½ drops of water in the Passaic river. Believe it or not?

If you want your teacher to pass you, stand in the corridor as he walks by.

If you want to be good-looking, carry a prayer-book in plain sight.

GIRL'S SECRETARY OF Y. W. C. A. RESIGNS

To some the news may be new, but there are many who are already in possession of the sad facts (sad to those who love her) that Miss Florence Dryer, girl's secretary of the Y. W. C. A. resigned because of her health.

There is not a person in any way intimate with Miss Dryer that does not regret her passing from such an admirable and advantageous position. Her per-

sonality and charming mannerisms held the highest esteem of her contemporaries. Miss Dryer had that "something" about her that was irresistible to everyone.

We can only pause with a touch of regret on the passing of a friend. She was dear to all and with her goes the best wishes and sincerest regards from everyone.

GIRLS' SERVICE CLUB

The new officers of the Girls' Service Club are: Martha Kohn, president; Goldie Gottlieb, vice-president; Florence Green, secretary; Anna Kapp, treasurer; Gladys Levinson, G. O. delegate. The Club is planning several things for the coming year in honor of the tenth anniversary celebration of our Alma Mater. It expects to hold a musical and has other surprises in store for Central.

National Typewriter Exchange

825 BROAD ST.

14 BRANFORD PL.
Opp. Branford Theatre

Typewriters Rented \$1.50 up

Typewriters Sold \$10.00 up

Underwoods 4 and 5, \$40.00 up

All Standard Makes Bought, Repaired and
Exchanged

Easy Instalment Payments

Phone Market 9137

You Can Enter Coleman College any Monday

Our Special Finishing Course
meets the needs of those who have
begun Commercial courses in High
School.

Catalog on Request

COLEMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

J. KUGLER, Jr., Principal

Academy and Halsey Streets
Newark, N. J.

THE PIVOT



PIVOT BOARD 1922

CENTRAL'S FACULTY

When Central opened its doors in February, 1912, there were 41 teachers, of whom 26 were men and 15 women.

Since that time the Faculty has more than doubled. At present there are in our force, including teachers, assistants, clerks, demonstrators, etc., 93. Of these 62 are men and 31 women. Fifty-three of our men are married and 9 single. Of the women 27 are single and 4 married.

Teaching does not seem to be conducive to large families. One of our lady members has one child. Of the married men six have three children apiece, eight have two, fourteen have one and twenty-five have none.

Most of our teachers have one or more academic degrees. The distribution is as follows:

A. B.	45	Pd. M.	1
B. S.	15	Ph. B.	1
B. C. S.	4	Ph. D.	2
L. L. B.	2	Mus. D.	1
Mus. B.	1	J. D.	1
B. D.	1	M. E.	1
M. A.	35	E. E.	1

So much for the "Songs of Degrees."—Selah.

Members of our teaching staff have written and published about a dozen books, 100 pamphlets, 100 poems and 1,000 articles in periodicals.

About twenty-five of our teachers are taking advanced courses in institutions of learning.

Most of them belong to social, professional or fraternal organizations, many of them having held important offices in these societies.

Many of our pedagogues are great travelers. In

fact, there is hardly a place of interest in America or Europe that they have not visited. They are a cosmopolitan group, coming from farm and factory, college and office, ranch and lumber camp. They are natives of many countries and States. While a large proportion were born in New York City, they come all the way from Maine and Illinois. Several men were born abroad, in Russia, England, Ireland, Sweden, and "Hoot mon!" one comes from Scotland.

Most of them have had practical experience in work other than teaching. We have among us one or more representatives of all the following: Lawyers, ministers, soldiers, sailors, architects, journalists, farmers, pipe organists, business men, lumbermen, lecturers, ranchmen, bookkeepers, stenographers, advertising men, artists, social workers, blacksmiths, civil engineers, mechanical engineers, electrical engineers, printers, editors, librarians, machinists, milliners, cabinetmakers, patternmakers, dressmakers, scalp specialists, real estate brokers, insurance men, moulders, pugilists, wrestlers, authors, musicians, cooks, chemists and book agents.

A careful scrutiny of original sources reveals the disappointing fact that none of our teachers has ever been elected President of the United States. We are a little crestfallen over this, but take courage because one of them is now a member of the General Assembly of New Jersey. That is a start, and we believe it is only the beginning. Without mentioning any names or betraying any confidences, we may hint that several of our pedagogues believe they could hold down the Presidential job; and we understand that two or three have inquired whether the Board of Education would, in a certain contingency, grant a four-year furlough.

OUR FACULTY

WIENER, WILLIAM, *Principal*

Anderson, Carl
Arnao, John J.
Arnold, Walter W.
Berk, Joseph
Boyle, John R.
Brady, John W.
Brown, John B.
Calman, Gustave
Cannold, Lester
Ceglowski, John
Coleman, William A.
Conkling, Roscoe P.
Conovitz, Michael
Dickerson, Edgar L.
Dougherty, William M.
Goldsmith, Harry

Sinclair, J. Edwin
Skolnick, David
Smith, R. A. Laslett
Snodgrass, Orrin W.
Stolper, Benj. J. R.
Stout, Isaac R.
Strang, Benj. B.
Telfer, James
Triess, Elmer W.
Voegelin, Carl O.
Walling, Arthur M.
Wardell, Samuel E.
Warrick, Morris.
Webb, Harrison E.
Weeks, C. O.
Allen, Anna May

Goldstein, Henry M.
Griffin, Walter B.
Griffith, J. Earl
Hegeman, Andrew S.
Heiges, P. Myers
Herzberg, Max J.
Klenke, William W.
Langlas, C. F.
Lesser, Samuel
Lewin, William
McKinney, C. Edw., Jr.
McMillin, Daniel A.
Miller, Joseph
Mones, Leon
Moore, Charles F.

Axtell, Sarah B.
Bailey, Emma A.
Beane, Marian M.
Bodwell, Helen M.
Cushman, Miriam F.
Hastings, Martha
Hayes, Alina
Hayes, Sara A.
Johnson, Olive F.
Joyce, Mary M.
Kaufman, Molly
Kurtz, Jessie S.
Lavers, Lida A.
Liebschutz, Minnie
Lovell, Louise E.

Continued

CHESS AND CHECKERS CLUB

Interest now centers about the Inter-Scholastic League of New Jersey, which was formed several weeks ago. Representatives from Central, South Side, East Side, Barringer and high schools of East Orange, West Orange, Battin, Montclair and Plainfield High School were present at the inception of the League. Its purpose is to instil into the minds of high school students a proper appreciation and love of the game of chess and, at the same time, provide considerable competition among the high schools of New Jersey. Mr. Cannold, the present head of the Chess Club; Mr. Berk, the former head of the club, and Mr. Shor, of the Rice Chess Club, of Newark, were present at the initial meeting of the Inter-Scholastic Chess League, and offered suggestions and guidance to the newly established League. In the name of the Rice Chess Club, of Newark, Mr. Shor generously offered the use of the rooms, games and other equip-

ment of his club to all the members of the League. He also announced that a trophy would be given by his club to the annual winner of the League.

Central plays its first League match with Barringer High School January 23. Silverman (President), Berla, Brown, Cohen, with Holden and Wintch as alternatives, will compose the personnel of Central's Chess Team this year. The winners of the Tournament now in progress at Central will be given a chance to challenge the present members of the Chess Team for their positions.

The officers of the Chess Club for the term, December, 1921, to March, 1922, are as follows: President, David Needell; Vice-President, Nathaniel Louis; Secretary, Morris Brody; Treasurer, Louis Winarsky, and Manager, Jack Cohn. The Chess Club extends an open invitation to the students of Central to visit its rooms and learn something about the game of chess.

CENTRAL SERVICE CLUB

Chief among the organizations that are promoting welfare work in Central is the Central or Boys' Service Club. Their motto, by reason of their performances, seems to be "Congeniality." There is not an affair run by the Service Club that does not fairly ring with a tang of enthusiasm.

At a recent meeting of the club new officers were installed. The following now hold office: Myer Kessel, President; Herman Levenson, Vice-President; Joseph Adoff, Secretary, and Sol Schary, Treasurer.

Under the paternal and guiding influence of Mr. Schleicher, Faculty Adviser, the club has advanced rapidly. Their successes have been numerous and well remembered by those who have been fortunate enough to have been present at one of their affairs.

We hope that future undertakings will be as successfully maneuvered as have been those in the past. Central has prospered, its student body has profited, and in all "Service" has been rendered admirably by the Central Service Club.

PROGRAM FOR THE ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES

January 27—Service Club Dance at the Washington Restaurant.

January 28—Faculty Dinner at Achtel-Stetters in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Wiener.

February 1—Visitors' Day at School. Two special auditorium programs at 9 o'clock and at 12 o'clock for the two sections of School. Music will be furnished for this occasion by Central's Orchestra.

February 1 (Evening)—Meeting will be held at the School of the parents and friends at 8:15. Addresses will be made by Mayor Archibold, Dean Frank H. Sommer, Chancellor Elmer E. Brown, of New York University, and Principal Wiener.

February 7—Alumni Dinner and Dance at Achtel-Stetters.

Our Faculty Continued

Morrow, Carl	Martin, Katharine B.
Mumma, Charles H.	Matthews, Florence
Murray, Hargreaves W.	Maynard, Helen M.
Nester, Daniel H.	McCurdy, Marion G.
O'Brien, William J.	McNierney, Helen J.
Orner, George D.	Mitchell, Julia L.
Ralston, Stanton A.	O'Connor, Mary N.
Remington, Robert S.	Oellrich, Paula
Rentz, La Mont R.	Rosecrans, Jennie A.
Rich, D. Homer	Sayers, Maude G.
Riemer, Bernhard	Schlarbaum, Caroline M.
Rowan, Joseph F.	Schnuer, Mabel A.
Sargent, Harry J.	Undritz, Elizabeth
Schleicher, Victor N.	Ward, Ruth L.
Schneider, Charles J.	Wardell, Alice May



WOOD TURNING DEPARTMENT



SHEET METAL ROOM

THE PIVOT



Fratch, Newark Technical School, Newark, N. J.
Heights High Herald, Muskegon Heights High School, Muskegon Heights, Mich.

High School News, Morristown High School, Morristown, N. J.

Indian, Eastern High School, Detroit, Mich.

Industrial Collegian, South Dakota State College, Brookings, S. D.

Kansas Industrialist, Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kas.

Karuk, Philipsburg High School, Philipsburg, N. J.

Lafayette, Lafayette Press, Inc., Easton, Pa.

M. H. S. Review, Medford High School, Boston, Mass.

Mirror, Central High School, Phila., Pa.

Monad, Belleville High School, Belleville, N. J.

Murphysboro High School, Murphysboro, Ill.

Newton School News, Newton High School, Newton, N. J.

Northfield Star, Northfield Seminary, East Northfield, Mass.

Observer, Dobbs Ferry High School, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

Optimist, South Side High School, Newark, N. J.

Orange and Black, Tusculum, Tenn.

Orient, East Side High School, Newark, N. J.

Orient, East High School, Minneapolis, Minn.

Oriole, Bushwick High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Owl, Evening College of City of New York, New York City.

Palmer, Palmer High School, Palmer, Mass.

Parrot, Irvington High School, Irvington, N. J.

Pasadena Chronicle, Pasadena High School, Pasadena, Cal.

Pilot, Madison Junior High School, Newark, N. J.

Piper, Morris High School, Boston, Mass.

Players' Club Review, Arlington Players' Club, Arlington, N. J.

Periscope, Perth Amboy High School, Perth Amboy, N. J.

Progress, East Side Evening High School, New York City.

The Record, High School, Sioux City, Iowa.

Red and Black, Hillsboro High School, Tampa, Fla.

Red and White, Battin High School, Elizabeth, N. J.

Rensselaer Polytechnic, Troy, N. Y.

South Orange School News, South Orange, N. J.

Targum, Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J.

Tech News, Worcester Polytechnic Inst., Worcester, Mass.

Triologue, Matawan High School, Matawan, N. J.

Vincentian, St. Vincent's Academy, Newark, N. J.

Yale News, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

Acropolis, Barringer High School, Newark, N. J.

Advocate, New Brunswick High School, New Brunswick, N. J.

Aegis Weekly, Oakland High School, Oakland, Cal.

Arfus, Shelton High School, Shelton, Conn.

Aegis, Yonkers High School, Yonkers, N. Y.

Arrow, Academic High School, Auburn, N. Y.

Attic, Nutley High School, Nutley, N. J.

Blue and White, Mayfield High School, Mayfield, Ky.

Brookings School News, Brookings, S. D.

Brown Bull, Kansas State Agricultural College, Kansas.

Budget, H. M. Rowe Co., Baltimore, Md.

Buzzer, Argentine High School, Kansas City, Kansas.

Chatham Chatter, Chatham High School, Chatham, N. J.

Cleveland Alternate, Cleveland Junior High, Newark, N. J.

Colgate Maroon, Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y.

Columbia Grammar School, New York City.

Chronicle, Niagara Falls High School, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Curtis Monthly, Curtis High School, Staten Island, N. Y.



"Congratulations Son, I Am Proud of You."

THE PIVOT

A RETROSPECT

A Few Historical Notes on Central High School

BY IDA MARGOLIS

Once upon a time—in days of old—longer than any of us can remember—ten years ago, Central High initiated her first students.

It was the story of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin" retold, for students flocked from all sides to enter Central, from Barringer, from East Side, from all sides. Samuel Moskowitz won the race and was the first to enter Central.

Mr. Wiener was principal, and the thirty-eight members of the faculty started Central's nine hundred and eleven students on the road of intellectual attainment.

Mr. Wiener, while talking to the students, once happened to say, "Central leads, others follow." The students liked the significance of the words, and since then it has been known as Central's unofficial motto, but the principal when uttering those words, had another meaning in view. He intended to make Central a school of new ideas. His first method was to have five periods instead of six, consisting of one hour. The first half of each period was for recitation and the second half for study, so that the pupils would have no homework. Although a great success this plan did not remain in force on account of objections by the Board. Mr. Wiener had other ideas which proved equally good. Today Central is not only trying out one of Mr. Wiener's ideas, but is also working it out successfully, so that Central is the first high school in the state of New Jersey having the all-year system. Thus we remain true to our motto, "Central leads, others follow."

Many of the rooms which are so familiar to us today, were then used for different purposes. The entire fourth floor was intended for administrative purposes for the Board of Education, but was finally turned into classrooms. Two-seventeen (beloved by all detentioners), two-eighteen and two-nineteen were then one large room, which was used for a study hall. Four-eighteen was the music room, and the library was then a classroom.

The spirit of the school can be easily conceived, for the very first month they turned out our first PIVOT. A prize was offered for the best title. The name "PIVOT" was chosen because it means a point on which all things center or revolve. As a school paper is in most cases, the voice of the school, "PIVOT" is certainly a suitable name. Two other titles in close competition were "The Central Idea" and the "Fulcrum."

Not much was expected of the school the first year in the way of athletics. Quite true we had no material for a football team, but we did have blue

ribbon teams of track and cross-country runners, for they easily carried off many trophies which are far too numerous to mention here.

Hockey was the first athletic activity of the school. After several victories had been won this sport was discontinued.

Our track career began in March, 1911. In the first meet we entered, that of N. Y. U., the team captured first place.

Central's first cross-country team in the fall of 1912 won the dual meet with East Orange and DeWitt Clinton.

It is not strange that we made the good showing we did in the track and cross-country sports, for Coach Anderson left Barringer, where he taught these two athletic activities, and became one of Central's faculty. Mr. Anderson was the idol of many of the boys, so they naturally followed their leader.

It is interesting to note that during Central's short career, it has possessed many activities which we do not have today. A school bank was instituted February 19, 1917.

The General Organization was one of the first clubs, and it ruled all the other organizations and activities. It still exists today. It was very helpful then and still is in the way of financial help.

All the clubs except the Girls' Dramatic, the Girls' Swimming, which exist today, existed then. But there are some which we do not possess but which former members of Central had the benefit of.

The Tennis Club is one which used to exist. It was active only during the tennis season. The club had several courts on the roof and played matches with outside teams.

There were many others, such as the following: Rifle Club, Cartoonist Club, Commercial Club, Mandolin Club, The Science Club, Camera Club, Central's First Aid Corps, Central Battalion, Webster Hayne Debating Society and the W. W. Debating Club.

The W. W. Debating Club came by its name in a very interesting way. Woodrow Wilson was then president of the United States. The club considered calling itself after him, but one of the members saw that the initials corresponded to those of our principal, Mr. William Wiener. So that instead of calling the club by its full name, it was decided to call it only by its initials, for in this way the initials would stand for two famous men instead of one.

The Journalist Club, which is so active today as a part of THE PIVOT staff, was organized by Dr.

(Continued on page 81)

Honor Roll for October

101	Ehrlich, Nelson	402
Gavalas, Georgiana	Kenny, Thomas	Green, Florence
Reilly, John	Johnson, Beda	Jay, Elizabeth
110	Kruger, Ruth	Schnarr, Gertrude
Raglan, Ninetta	Leonard, Winifred	403
203	305	Mitchell, Dorothy
Edelson, Fannie	Jellinek, Edward	408
Roth, Mildred	307	Javalas, Thomas
Rothman, Sadie	Bann, Rose	Murphy, M.
206	Conbon, Gertrude	409
Blatter, Elizabeth	309	Zalkan, Sophie
Goldstein, Ethel	Greenberg, Anna	411
212	310	Levin, Anna
Greenburg, Elizabeth	Robertson, Mary	Peterson, Helen
217	313	Prach, Emily
Penk, Charles	Simmonds, Gordon	413
218	Pituocco, F.	Frank, Jesse
Goldsticker, Bernice	320	414
219	Soule, Henry	Kohl, Dorothy
Kohn, Martha	401	Laderman, Gertrude
304	Josephson, Celia	415
Ecker, Alfred		Adelaide Merritt

Honor Roll for November

101	217	320
Gavalas, Georgiana	Penk, Charles	Manning, William
102	Picot, Leslie	Soule, Henry
Farrington, T.	218	401
105	Goldsticker, Bernice	Josephson, Celia
Lasser, Oscar	Weiss, Gertrude	402
109	219	Green, Florence
Kitzman, Anna	Kohn, Martha	Jay, Elizabeth
110	304	408
Raglan, Ninetta	Ecker, Alfred	Javalas, Thomas
202	Hay, George	Murphy, W.
Sabel, Sylvia	Kenny, Thomas	409
203	Johnson, Beda	Zalkan, Sophie
Edelson, Fannie	307	Levin, Anna
Haas, Elizabeth	Abelowitz, Bertha	Peterson, Helen
Roth, Mildred	Conbon, Gertrude	Prach, Emily
204	Caprio, Lena	413
Turrentine, Dorothy	313	Frank, Jesse
212	Demeter, A.	414
Greenburg, Elizabeth	Simmonds, Gordon	Kohl, Dorothy
	Pituocco, F.	415
	317	Merritt, Adelaide
	Bippart, Frieda	

December Honor Roll

101	212	402
Javalas, Georgiana Reilly, John	Rich, Daisy	Freeman, Flora Green, Florence Jay, Elizabeth
109	218	403
Fishbein, Rosella Guttman, Isabel Heidekorn, Anna	Rosenfeld, Eva	Pippert, Florence
216	219	408
Borts, Edith	Barhash, Rose Block, Corinne Greenfield, Ruth Kohn, Martha Marcill, Katherine	Javalas, T.
204	317	411
Wollman, Francis	Bernstein, Gussie Walsh, Marjorie	Levin, Anna
206	320—P. M.	413
Blatter, Elizabeth Etken, Bessie Goldstein, Ethel	Orr, J.	Port, Evelyn
211		414
Block, Byrdine		Laderman, Gertrude
		415
		Merritt, Adelaide

(Continued from page 79)

Mones, then a newcomer in the faculty, and himself a former newspaper man, in 1916.

Formerly there was a class day for the 4A's and a farce by the 4B's since abolished in favor of a Senior prom, and a specialty by the 4C's.

Mr. Samuel B. Lesser, now one of our faculty, a teacher of English, is a graduate of Central. He must find his position interesting indeed.

Central was then and still is the best school—architecturally speaking—and as a school of new ideas, it certainly is the best the city and state have ever possessed.

There is a war poem called "Carry On," so dear Principal, honored faculty, students of the present and of the future—CARRY ON. Let the Central idea, in everything connected with the school, be—CENTRAL LEADS, OTHERS FOLLOW.

Compliments of

HOME ROOM 320 A.M.

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THE MORNING FORUM

This department is devoted to the interests of public speaking in Central, being not only a record of all speeches given in the auditorium, but an encouragement and friendly criticism for the benefit of our budding orators.



RAE STEINLAUF, "*Movie Day in Central*," Oct. 13—You delivered an excellent appeal for attendance at the movies. How could we stay away after that talk?

BEN ROSENBERG, "*Cold King Coal*," Oct. 13—You presented to us in a fine manner the facts of the coal situation.

FANNY REICH, "*Face and Fight Them All*," Oct. 14—Your talk was given in an interesting manner and held the interest of the audience. Don't finish with "I thank you."

MEYER KESSEL, "*The Bloomfield Game*," Oct. 14—A well-prepared and lively talk.

SYLVIA HERZLINGER, "*Millinery Madness*," Oct. 18—Your smooth delivery showed that you were well prepared. Your speech was very interesting.

MEYER IRVING, "*Daylight Saving*," Oct. 19—Your talk was an interesting one, on a timely subject.

FANNIE HOROWITZ, "*Piano Solo—Impromptu in E Flat*," Oct. 19—Your solo was greatly appreciated by all.

JEROME KURTZ, "*Origin of Football*," Oct. 19—Your talk was well delivered.

MORRIS SCOTCH, "*The 4A Dance*," Oct. 19—You spoke on a subject that is always welcome.

HAROLD LEFKOWITZ, "*Curing Stammerers in the School*," Oct. 21—Your talk was enjoyed by all.

NATHAN LEWIS, "*Factory Welfare Work*," Oct. 21—A well delivered talk.

FRANK HERZLINGER, "*History of Geometry*," Oct. 21—You delivered a very good talk. Probably some of us will like geometry better now that we know it has such an interesting history.

LIETTA TROIANI, "*Camp Fire Girls*," Oct. 21—You held the interest of your audience by your well delivered accounts of camp fire girls.

HARRY MELTZER, "*Mut*," Oct. 21—Just one of your many peppy talks.

ELIZABETH HOLATA, "*Raising Crops With Poison Gas*," Oct. 24—You might have spoken a little louder—otherwise a good talk.

LEON NEWMAN, "*Story of Silk*," Oct. 24—A good delivery of an interesting subject.

SAM LEVIN, "*Starving Russia*," Oct. 18—An unusual criticism may be made of your speech. It was too loud.

FLORENCE STURM, "*School for the Deaf*," Oct. 18—Yours was an interesting speech.

GEORGE COHEN, "*Luther Burbank*," Oct. 24—Your speech was not loud enough.

ANNA KOLBA, "*The Community Theater*," Oct. 24—You gave a very interesting talk. It was greatly enjoyed by your audience.

BEATRICE ROGENSOF, "*The Organ Fund*," Oct. 24—You gave a very convincing talk.

HELEN STRAUSSBERG, "*Organ Fund*," Oct. 25—Now we know why everyone contributed so freely to the organ fund—it was because of your talk.

HERMAN FRIEDMAN, "*Land of Sea-Bathing Ghosts*," Oct. 26—A fine talk.

MAY ZALKIN, "*Three Hundred Years Before Jazz*," Oct. 26—Your subject was exceedingly interesting, as was your treatment of it.

HARRY BALTZ, "*Disputed Aric and Tacna*," Oct. 27—Your talk was very interesting and instructive.

JOSEPH GAMBA, "*Capital Punishment*," Oct. 27—You did not look at your audience while speaking.

LUKE KIERNAN, "*Irish Poetry and William Butler Yeats*," Oct. 27—Yours was a well delivered, well prepared and interesting speech.

SAM BRASTIN, "*The Undertow*," Oct. 28—Your tone was rather monotonous.

PHILIP COLT, "*A Purpose in Life*," Oct. 28—A good speech, although not very well delivered.

MARION ISRAEL, "*The Companionship Between Students and Teachers*," Oct. 28—Your talk should certainly make all realize the value of companionship between teacher and student.

DOROTHY ELINS, "*Learn to Walk Past Failure*," Oct. 28—Your composure and excellent delivery deserve high praise.

THE PIVOT

SYLVESTER KLEIN, "Courtesy," Oct. 31 — Though your subject was very good, you did not hold the interest of your audience because of your monotonous tone.

MARION PERIN, "Hallowe'en," Oct. 31—Your vivid and amusing descriptions of Hallowe'en were enjoyed by all.

ABRAHAM KNOBLER, "Safety and Beauty in a New Car," Nov. 1—Your subject matter was good, but your delivery was somewhat monotonous.

SOPHIE DEIXEL, "Literature of all Times as Compared with Literature of the Hour," Nov. 1—One of the best speeches given this term. Your speech and delivery were excellent.

HERMAN RICE, "My Candidate," Nov. 2—You gave an excellent talk—full of pep.

ELIZABETH JAY, "An Announcement," Nov. 2 —The points that you raised in favor of your candidate were very convincing.

SOPHIE EISNER, "4C Harvest Dance," Nov. 3 —An excellent talk.

DORA GOLD, "South Paws," Nov. 4—Your talk was well prepared.

ELSIE LAU, "The First Ice Cream," Nov. 4—An interesting talk.

RAY STEINLAUF, "A Special Message," Nov. 4 —The success of your novel talk, and the humorous entertainment, was shown by the attendance at the Harvest Dance. Your farmers succeeded in evincing a great deal of laughter from the audience.

HARRY MELTZER, "The State Meet," Nov. 4 —A good speech, Harry. Keep up the good work.

HAROLD MULLERY, "Stamp Collecting," Nov. 4—You did not hold the attention of your audience because of your monotonous delivery.

DOROTHY HILFMAN, "Life as a Business Proposition," Nov. 4—Yours was one of the best talks this term—excellent in every respect.

FREDA ZALKIN, "I Have a Date," Nov. 4—A very successful dance was the result of your well delivered talk.

EUGENE MIELE, "Central-St. Benedict's Game Tomorrow," Nov. 7—Very good—keep it up.

CLARA GINSBERG, "Safety Pins," Nov. 9—Your talk was one of the most humorous we have had.

BEATRICE ROGENSOFF, "Girls' Service Dance," Nov. 9—Your talk, with its touches of humor, was enjoyed by all.

MINNIE RUBIN, "Honoring the Unknown Warrior"—The fact that the subject of your talk was one of the most talked of topics of the day, made it doubly interesting.

MOLLIE BEIN, "A Poet of the Great War," Nov. 10—A good talk which showed good preparation and thought.

ROSE BERG, "Songs of the Great War," Nov. 10—Your talk was marred by hesitation and repetition, but the novelty of it coupled with Marion Savage's excellent rendering of the songs, was not lost.

DOROTHY GOODMAN, "America in the Great War," Nov. 10—You put a great deal of feeling into your excellently delivered talk.

BERNICE GOLDSTICKER, "In the Trenches," Nov. 10—You spoke in a distinct and interesting tone of voice.

LAVINIA VON KNOBLOCH, "Glee Club," Nov. 10—Very well delivered.

LOUIS GOLDMAN, "The Proclamation," Nov. 10 —You rendered the proclamation in an interesting manner.

GEORGE WASHINGTON LAWRENCE, Nov. 10—A talk from you, however short, is always appreciated. After each one of your talks we always look forward to the next time you will visit us.

GEORGE SOMMERS, Nov. 10—Everyone enjoyed your talk, and it instilled in us, the glowing spark of patriotism that ought to be in every true American.

ESTHER PASTEELNICK, "The Girl's Service Dance," Nov. 10—You gave a very good talk.

KATE RUBENSTEIN, "The Story of Writing," Nov. 14—Your talk was a very interesting one.

ELIZABETH JAY, "The Alphabet of Errors," Nov. 14—You are one of Central's budding orators, whom we always enjoy hearing.

IDA MARGOLIES-MIRIAM GORLIN, "The Conquest of American Slang," Nov. 14—Your playlet was interesting and well done. You brought home a good lesson to many Central students.

HELEN JAMES, "Blue Willow Wave," Nov. 14 —A good talk.

BEN BRAELOW, "Chess and Checkers Club," Nov. 15—A very good speech, Ben.

PHILIP INSABELLA, "The Human Brain and the Coal Mines"—You did not speak quite loudly enough.

WALTER SIEGWORTH, "The Growth of Newark in Twenty Years"—Your speech, although on a good subject, was spoiled by your monotonous tone.

SAMUEL APPLEBAUM, "Violin Solo," Nov. 18 —We enjoyed your solo very much.

HAROLD CAVANAUGH, "Alchemy," Nov. 18—You did not speak loudly enough.

ROSE SABELOTSKY, "Dante Literary Society"—You paused too much during your speech.

NINETTA RAGLYN, "Paul Lawrence Dunbar," Nov. 17—Your talk was very interesting. The splendidly delivered recitation appealed to your audience.

SADIE ROTHMAN, "The Pivot," Nov. 17—You spoke convincingly and interestingly.

THE PIVOT

Dec. 8, 1921—Louis Pischkettel, "Reflections of Mars Upon a Mirror." A good talk, though you were a little nervous.

Dec. 12, 1921—Mollie Seidman, "The Woman Magistrate." Your talk was interesting and well delivered.

Dec. 12, 1921—Rose Schar, "Nothing to Do." Your speech was convincing, clear and held the attention of the audience.

Dec. 12, 1921—Amy Amsterdam, "Something to Do, Music." Your talk shows careful preparation and would have been most meritorious, had it not been marred by your pomposity.

Dec. 13, 1921—Morris Weisslitz, "The Lengthening of Manhattan Island." You were too hesitant and nervous, also not well prepared. Congratulations for keeping up to the end.

Dec. 13, 1921—Jack Cohen, "Something to Do at Home." A timely topic and clearly delivered.

Dec. 13, 1921—Louis Goldman, "THE PIVOT." A good talk. We are always glad to hear from you, Goldman.

Dec. 14, 1921—Sadie Landau, "Be Interested." A good talk, Sadie.

Dec. 14, 1921—Florence Freeman, "Animal Music." An unusual topic. Your talk held the interest of the audience.

Dec. 14, 1921—Rhoda Eder, "Alumni Dance." You spoke very well.

Dec. 14, 1921—Dr. Mones, "THE PIVOT." We are sure your excellent talk greatly aided the sale of THE PIVOT.

Dec. 15, 1921—Herman Rice, "The Dance." Your pleasant humor caused even our faculty to laugh.

Dec. 20, 1921—Rose Miller, "The Girls' Gym Exhibition." A good talk. Very clearly delivered.

Dec. 20, 1921—Lucile Ward, "The Dance." Very clearly given.

Dec. 21, 1921—Lena Freeman, "The New Era of Civilization." One of the best talks ever given in the Assembly.

Dec. 21, 1921—Louis Goldman, "Making a Newspaper." Your illustrations were very interesting.

Jan. 3, 1922—Isadore Krasner, "The United States in Chinese Education." You were rather nervous and your voice did not carry.

Jan. 3, 1922—Mildred Harris, "Making a Japanese Newspaper." Your voice did not carry farther than the third or fourth row of seats; otherwise a good talk.

Jan. 3, 1922—Isadore Krasner, "The United States in Chinese Education." Your voice was not loud enough, but you had your topic well in hand.

Jan. 4, 1922—Estelle Levitt, "Skis." Your talk was interesting, but you did not speak loud enough.

Jan. 5, 1922—Harriet Lesser, "How Do You Take It?" A good talk which showed good preparation and thought.

Jan. 5, 1922—Derrick and Cassidy, "The Dance." You spoke well, Cassidy, though the call was unexpected. The quiet assistance of Derrick improved the talk.

Jan. 5, 1922—Mr. Mumma, "The Anniversary PIVOT." We are sure your talk greatly aided THE PIVOT in obtaining advertisements.

Jan. 9, 1922—Ida Margolis, "Nothing to Wear." An amusing talk and well given.

Jan. 10, Sadie Berkelhammer, "Eugene Field." Your talk was excellent, Sadie. Your entire ease of deliverance, not to mention your fine dramatic rendering of the beloved Field's poem, deserves commendation.

Jan. 10, 1922—Rebecca Marantz, "Martin Eden." Your topic was an interesting one, but you were rather imperious.

Jan. 10, 1922—Lucille Ward, "The Dance." Your cold marred an otherwise good talk.

Jan. 11, 1922—Ralph Natrass, "Airplane vs. Battleship." You gave a good talk, Ralph.

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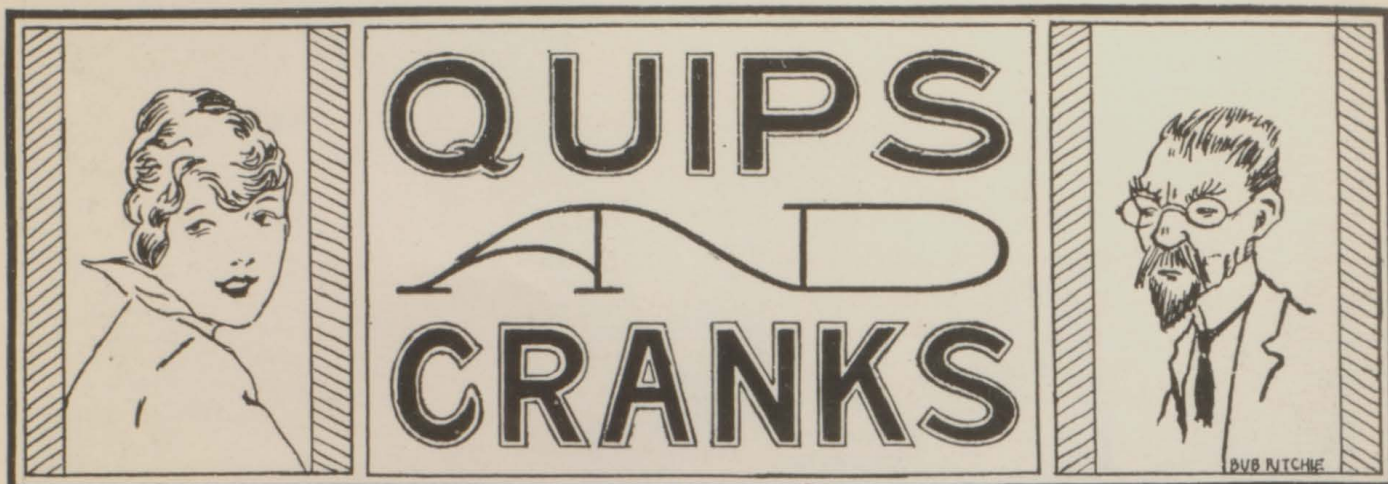
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MODERN COOKING ROOM



SEWING CLASS



TRICKS IN ALL TRADES

Eve Sussman and Dot Hilfman, upon receiving their report cards, were pondering on some means of having them signed by their parents.

In the following ways their problems were solved:

Dot Hilfman—"Dad, can you sign your name with your eyes closed?"

Dad—"Yes, why do you ask?"

D. H.—"Then close your eyes and sign this."

Evelyn S., being unable to think of a satisfactory device, decided to use her own hand.

As these methods have not been patented you are all welcome to use them.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

Mathilde Beller with her home work done.

L. Von Knoblock not boasting about a lately acquired beau.

Esther Pasteelnick with her face not calcimined.

Evelyn Sussman getting to school before one minute of nine.

Rose Schar speaking in a well modified tone.

Dorothy Hilfman without Evelyn Sussman.

Byrdine Block not putting on airs.

Ruth Sommers not referring to subject of clothes.

Evelyn Kleinberg not hanging around the office.

Mary Nichols not cutting.

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

Editor—"What did you do with that drawing you showed me last week called 'Spring'?"

Arist—"Why I destroyed it."

Editor—"Destroyed it! Why that was the best thing you ever did."

EXTRA!!

"No more trolley cars or telephones!!"

"Why?"

"All the Poles in America are going home to fight."

WELL KNOWN PROVERBS

"Where there's a will there's a law-suit."

"A stitch in time saves embarrassing exposure."

"As ye sew, so shall ye rip."

"People who live in glass houses should always dress in the dark."

"Good things come in small pint bottles."

"Do others or others will do you."

"Fine feathers make fine feather beds."

"A hair in the head is worth two in the brush."

Student—"My father lost a hat in the country courthouse last week."

Mate—"That's nothing, my father lost a suit there once."

IF

PAUL Q. KRICH

If she didn't have her hair bobbed,

If she didn't daub and paint,

If she had her dresses made to reach

To where the dresses ain't;

If she didn't have that baby voice,

And spoke just as she should;

Don't you think she'd be as popular?

I hardly think she would.

Goldman—"May I print a kiss upon your lips?"

Girl—"You may if you promise not to publish it."

THE PIVOT

E. Gill (at piano recital)—What is that charming thing he is playing?

A. Sweeney—A piano, y' dub.

Hobson—For two cents I'd kiss you.

Elsie F.—Got change for a nickel?

Ada Mann—I could live on limburger cheese alone.

Sylvia Rosenberg—You'd have to.

Ethel Grunt—Her voice was strained.

E. Gill—Was she talking through her veil?

Martha—Did you tell your mother that Monroe kissed you?

Elizabeth—No, I was afraid she wouldn't invite him to my birthday party.

Charlie—I bought a car from you several weeks ago and you said that if anything went wrong you'd supply the broken parts.

Dealer—Yes.

Charles—I'd like to get a nose, shoulder blade and a big toe.

Goldie Gottlieb—You have a kind face.

Minnie Pasteelnick—Really?

Goldie—The funny kind.

"Hurry, John, there goes your cue."

Stage Chinaman—Don't try to kid me, Jerry; I've got it glued on.

Mistress—Nora, why don't you beat that feather bed?

Nora—Well, madam, I won't strike a bed when it's down.

Dick Abeles—What do you think of the Ouija board?

Joe Kruger—I never stayed at that hotel.

First Flea—Been on a vacation?

Second Flea—No, on a tramp.

Sylvia Rosenberg—Papa, why do they call it the mother tongue?

Papa—Who uses it most?

1C—What did teacher say when you asked him to raise your mark from 6 to 7?

1B—He just made a passing re-mark.

Kritch—Doesn't that terrific noise upstairs annoy you?

Okin—Not in the least. I enjoy having a fuss made over me.

They were telling fortunes with teacups.

Molly—I can see you were kissed by a tall, dark man.

Adelaide—Oh, you've been reading my diary again.

Kessel—You must be a good sleeper.

Kiselik—Why?

Kessel—You lie so well.

Katherine Marcell (to newsboy)—You don't chew tobacco, do you, little boy?

Newsie—No, mum; but I kin give yer a cigarette if you want one.

Phil Deutsch—I think Ben Turpin's eyes are very affectionate.

E. Fugelstad—Why?

Phil Deutsch—They're always looking at each other.

Schary—I hear Krich is on his feet again.

Sylvia Rosenberg—Yes, poor fellow; his creditors took his car away.

Recently a man was taken to the hospital to have a portion of his *colon* removed.

After a "*period*" of "*coma*" the man, with a fierce "*exclamation*," made a "*dash*" from the hospital with only a "*semi-colon*."

Fat Rice—Has your mother any objection to kissing?

Sylvia Rosenberg—What do you want—the whole family?

Pal—What are you stopping the car for?

Greenfield—The road book says turn north and follow the trolley, and now we'll have to wait until one comes along.

Elizabeth Jay—How did you act when you saw Dick this morning?

Florence G—I gave him the geological survey.

Elizabeth J.—In other words—

Flo.—The stony stare.

Phil—Let me tell you about the dream I had last night.

Kessel—Never mind; I saw you with her.

Florence—Yes, smarty, we've even got an electric attachment for that player-piano of ours.

Helen—Pooh! that's nothing. I heard the installment man telling mother he's going to put a Sheriff's attachment on ours.

THE PIVOT



AT A RECENT CALL FOR BASKETBALL CANDIDATES. THESE ARE SAMPLES OF SOME THAT APPEARED -



SOME PICK EH?



WHAT'S THE USE?

A BACK FENCE IS THE SHORTEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO GOSSIPS!



-SCHOCKET-

THE PIVOT

Bill Helbig—"The dentist said I need a new set of teeth."

Meltzer—"He said a mouthful!"

Abeles—"What would you do if I should kiss you?"

Byrdine B.—"I—I don't know. I never have had to answer such questions before."

Kessel—"Some thieves held me up last night and robbed me of my last cent."

Lenore Mendel—"Is that so? How much did they get?"

Kessel—"My last cent!"

Phil Deutsch—"How much do you charge for a haircut?"

Barber—"Fifty cents."

Phil Deutsch—"And how much for a shave?"

Barber—"Twenty cents."

Phil Deutsch—"Then give my head a shave."

Old Lady—"I hope you don't sell newspapers on Sunday."

Small Newsboy (sadly)—"No'm, I ain't big enuf to carry the Sunday 'dition."

Krich—"Would you mind driving a little slower?"

Okin—"You're not afraid, are you?"

Krich—"No, but I hate to take an unfair advantage of my life insurance company."

E. Jay—"How much is a smile worth?"

F. Green—"Its face value."

Rosenberg (in restaurant)—"See here, waiter, you're giving me pretty poor service. My cocoa is cold."

Waiter (absentmindedly)—"Well, put on your hat, then."

She (after encounter with bulldog)—"I—I thought you would face death for me."

He—"Well, the darn dog wasn't dead."

"You're an awful bore," sighed the cork.

"Well, I've taken you out of many a tight place," returned the screw.

Minister—"Do you know where little boys who cut school go to?"

Centralite—"Yes, to Proctor's."

Liberman—"If the Statue of Liberty fell into the Hudson River how would they get her out?"

Wortzel—"That's too deep for me."

Liberman—"They would get her out wet."

Levin—"I may be poor, but there was a time when I rode around in a carriage."

Braelow—"Yes, and your mother pushed it."

Sam—"What are the quickest ways of sending a message?"

Ben—"Telephone, telegraph and tel-a-woman."

"Will you love me when I'm old?" simpered Miss Oldgirl to her youthful intended.

"Why, my darling, I do."

Goldman—"I think Rose is an angel."

Braelow—"But she is painted."

Goldman—"Did you ever see one not painted?"

Eddy—"Do you believe in signs?"

Lizzy—"Yes, I do, why?"

Eddy—"Last night I dreamt I was madly in love with you. What was that a sign of?"

Lizzy—"That you were dreaming."

"What a fine evening tonight, Mr. Jellinek."

"Yes it is, Miss Jay, but—er—why not call me by my first name?"

"Well, your second name is good enough for me."

Pop Jay—"I tell you I saw Monroe kissing you again this evening. Now listen, I don't like it."

Elizabeth—"Yes, but Monroe does."

Man (who had been knocked down on Broadway by a motor car)—"Where am I?"

Enterprising Peddler—"Here yer are, sir; map of New York, one penny."

Gelfand—"What did you do when Peggy said she thought you were odd?"

Braelow—"Told her I would get even."

Rhoda Eder—"Do you sell invisible hairpins?"

Clerk—"Yes."

Rhoda Eder—"May I see some, please?"

Rose Schar—"Your dog doesn't seem quite so musical nowadays."

Dorothy Hilfman—"No, I took the brass band off his neck."

THE PIVOT

Fat Rice—"I wanna see a suit, please."

Clerk—"Two aisles down, tent department."

Evelyn Sussman—"What beautiful flowers! Why, isn't there still a little dew (due) on them?"

Julius Liss—"Why, er—that is, yes, but I'll pay it before long."

Cassidy—"Did you hear the rumor about a winter vacation for pupils?"

Bill Span—"Sure, I started it."

Byrdine B.—"Is that dog of yours strong?"

Mary Scully—"Well, you don't notice him much in winter but in summer he's terrible."

Silly One Cee—"Gee, y' oughter see, there's a fellow with a moustache in my English class."

Foolish Four A—"That's nothing, I have a married man in my Spanish class."

Silly One Cee—"Zat so! Who is he?"

Foolish Four A—"My teacher."

Fat Rice—"Did you ever hear the joke about the three men?"

Martha Kohn (giggling)—"He, he, he."

Abeles—"I dreamt that I spoke to the most wonderful girl last night."

Dorothy Hilfman—"And what did I say, dear?"

H. Harris—"I just spent my last nickel for a frankfurter."

Levinson—"Another nickel gone to the dogs."

Don Fox—"When I was younger the doctor told me if I didn't stop smoking I would become feeble-minded."

Wolf—"Well, why didn't you stop?"

Strauss—"Do you read the Police Gazette?"

Hooper—"No, I shave myself."

A—"I hear your father discharged your new salesman."

B—"Yes, he's not suited for the automobile business."

A—"How's that?"

B—"He tried to sell a \$6,000 car to a school teacher."

1C—I hear that he worships knowledge.

4A—Yes, he's always at the foot of his class.

J. Liss—"Artists say that five feet three inches is the divine height for women."

E. Sussman—"Oh, but I'm five feet five inches."

J. Liss (hurriedly)—"Oh, but you're more than divine."

Evelyn S.—"Do you know Washington's Farewell Address?"

Dorothy H.—"I didn't know he had moved."

One of the English teachers told her class that they were to write a theme upon some subject in the schoolroom.

Evelyn Sussman's theme read: "Many people have had their lives saved by pins."

When the teacher called her to her desk and asked her the meaning of this last sentence Evelyn bravely replied: "By not swallowing them."

Evelyn Sussman—Can you think of anything more desirable in time of great peril than "presence of mind"?

Rose Schar—Well, nothing, unless absence of body.

Ethel Grunt (at glove counter in one of the leading department stores)—I want a pair of the best gloves.

Polite Salesman—Yes, madam. How long do you want them?

E. Grunt—Don't be impertinent. I want to buy them, not to hire them.

Esther Pesteelnick—Why do you object to the League of Nations?

Dottie Hilfman—On musical grounds. After singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" all these years I don't want the mental effort of changing to "Our Countries, 'Tis of Those."

PRELUDE TO A HAIR PULLING

B. Block—My father gives me a dollar every birthday to put in the bank, and now I've got sixteen dollars.

Sylvia Rosenberg—How much does he still owe you?

Miriam Kass—Do you believe a gun could be made to shoot around a corner?

M. Gorlin—No, but the sight of a creditor often has that effect upon a man.

Rose Schar told Dorothy Hilfman that she had a cat that could jump as high as Bunker Hill monument, and when Dottie looked incredulous Rose said: "Well, how high can Bunker Hill monument jump?"

THE PIVOT

"ROMEO AND JULIET" (REVISED)

Saidenberg, Theodore.

SCENE I.

Place—In front of Juliet's house. The house has a balcony.

(Enter Romeo.)

Romeo—"Psst! Juliet."

(No answer.)

Romeo—"Hey! Juliet."

(A loud yawn within the house.)

Voice—"I wish those cats wouldn't meow so loudly."

Romeo—"Hey! It's Romeo."

(Enter Juliet on balcony.)

Juliet—"Hello, kid! How d'ye feel?"

Romeo—"I'm all right. Did you hear the latest song?"

Juliet—"What is it? 'Palestina?'"

Romeo—"No. It's 'Dardanella.' Just listen to it."

(Takes out saxophone and serenades Juliet.)

Juliet—"Holy Gee! That's peaches."

Romeo—"I'm glad you like it. Wanna hear it again?"

Juliet—"No. I'm too tired."

Romeo—"Say, listen to me, kid. Do you wanna elope?"

Juliet—"How's your bank book?"

Romeo—"Er, uh—what was that?"

Juliet—"I said, 'How fat is your money dictionary?'"

Romeo—"Lessee. It's just \$26.55."

Juliet—"Well, then you're too cheap to marry me."

Romeo—"Aw, come on, be a sport."

Juliet—"You couldn't sport me."

Romeo—"I couldn't? Why, the other day I supported a two-hundred-pound weight."

Juliet—"This ain't no time for kidding."

Romeo—"Well, whaddyersay?"

Juliet—"I think I'll take a chance. But father will miss me ever so much."

Romeo—"Aw, gee, come on! Pretty soon it'll be light and I'll have to go on my milk route."

Juliet—"All right. But the nearest pastor is five miles away."

Romeo—"Thassawright. Just come with me."

Juliet—"Aw right."

(She slides down the balcony and they both go off stage. Presently a rattling noise is heard. Out comes a Henry with Romeo and Juliet its occupants.)

Juliet—"We've known each other pretty long, haven't we, Romeo?"

Romeo—"Yeh, pretty long. It's five days since I was introduced to you at the Jazzloo Ball."

(They—Henry, Romeo and Juliet—exit.)

(A long sigh of relief heard inside the house. Juliet's father pokes out his head.)

Juliet's Father—"Gee, what a relief! I thought she would refuse him. At last I'm rid of her."

(He smiles and wipes brow.)

Curtain.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

Anna Kapp prepared in French.

Goldman not looking important.

Katzen with a little time to spare.

The Pivot Staff up to date with their work.

Elizabeth Jay answering, "Unprepared."

Florence Green without Elizabeth.

Ruth Sommer without a cold.

Byrdine Block on the diet.

Bernetta Glucksman without something to say.

Roda Eder not trying to make a new style.

Elsie Fugelstad without Phil Deutsch.

Lenore Mendel quiet at "Service Meetings."

Rose Schar without Evelyn Sussman.

Anna Kitzman get a six.

Fat Rice lose a pound.

Richard Abeles not talking about kissing.

Evelyn Kleinberg not in Dutch.

E. Gill a six-footer.

Martha without her famous laugh.

THIS RINGS TRUE

Anna Kapp—My father makes a living giving the public thrills.

E. Jay—An aviator?

Anna—No, an alarm clock salesman.

Saul—How many cigarettes does Charlie smoke a day?

Fox—Oh, any given number.

Meltzer—I have only fifteen cents. Will you shave one side of my face?

Barber—Yes, sir. Which side?

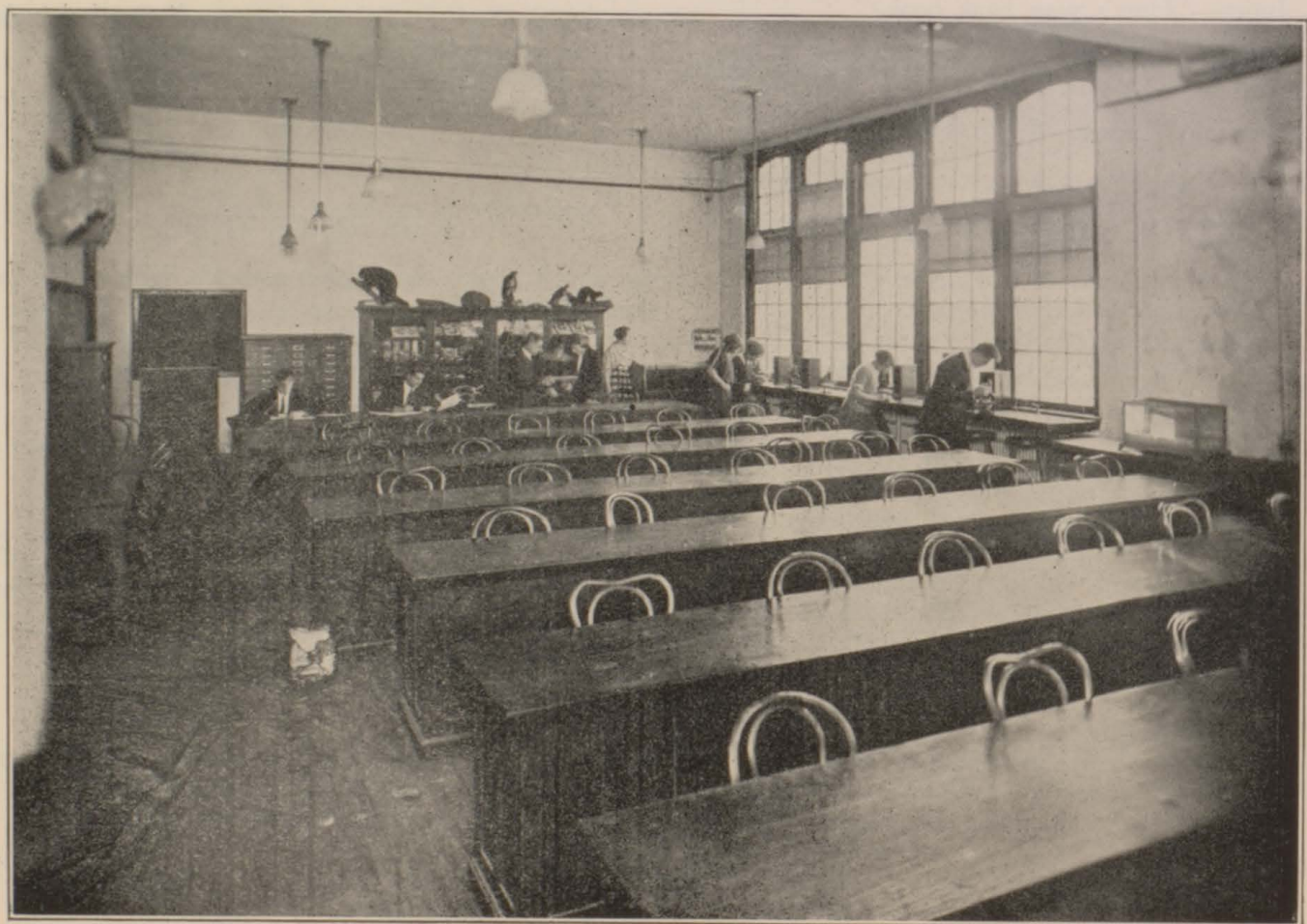
Meltzer—Outside.

Bill Helbig (who is arguing with Don Fox)—Hey, what are you trying to do—make a fool of me?

Don—No, I never interfere with nature.



A FULLY EQUIPPED PHYSICS LABORATORY

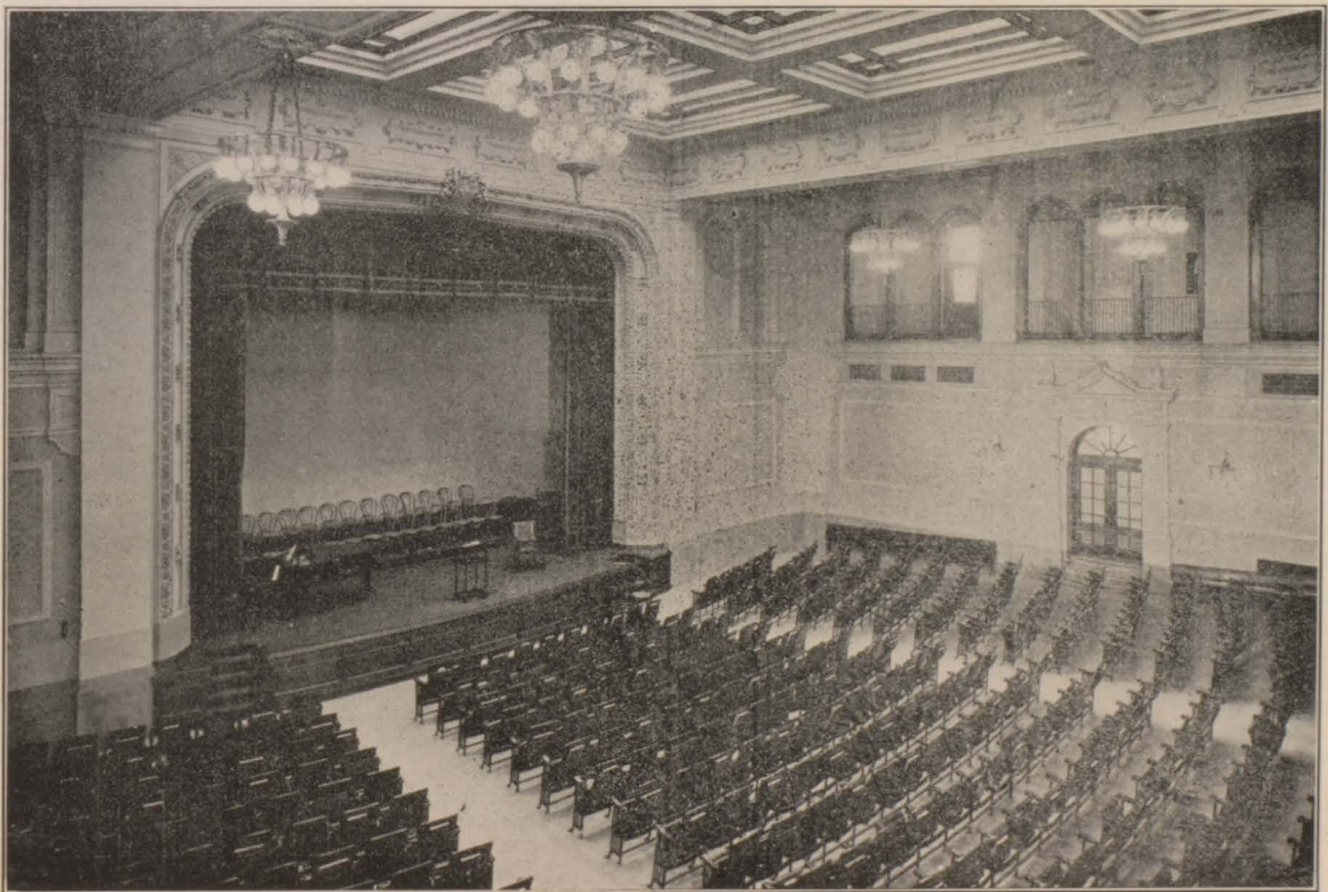


BIOLOGY AND BOTANY DEPARTMENT

THE PIVOT



THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY



THE AUDITORIUM



ALUMNI DIRECTORY

As we are unable to get the present addresses of all our graduates,
we publish many names without addresses. The Pivot
will appreciate it, if any of our readers
will supply the missing addresses.

CLASSES 1912

Karrakis, Alex. I.	70 Fabyan Place
Kraeuter, Augusta S.	93 Hillside Avenue
Patz, Gustav	20 Summit Avenue, Chatham, N. J.
Salzman, Harry	71 Milford Avenue
Kopp, Lillian Dorothy	Jenner, Maude L.
Lefkowitz, Fannie	McDougall, Harold A.
Press, Abe	Moryck, Chauncey Ray
Roberts, Ellen K.	Rademacher, Evelyn L.
Schnur, David Lincoln	Roeder, Lawrence J.
Williams, Frank Anthony	Tracy, Mary Beatrice
Lifshin, Henry W.	Engst, Norbert
Moore, Kenneth P.	Hecht, Jacob
Banta, Robert LeRoy	Hueber, Harry V.
Bucklow, May R.	Netschert, William
Fulcher, Annie May	Pierson, Earl
Harrison, Philip H.	Stone, Elmer
Jelley, Samuel	

Precker, Michael S.
Scharf, Ira
Sherman, James
Singer, Max
Stahl, John
Barrett, Madelin
Blau, Jerome C.
Breger, Birdie
Dreher, Raymond C.
Hiebel, Therese
Kane, J. Lyndon
Kaplan, Max
Lagay, Frank, Jr.
Laub, William
Morizot, Adele
Myer, Joseph C.
Rush, Lillian
Smith, William H.
Underwood, Arthur

Pirsson, Isabel D.
Renton, Carrie A.
Ringel, Tillie W.
Robinson, Ruth W.
Sauer, Anna
Sterling, Elizabeth
Wyman, Golden L.
Caruso, Gerardo
Dunworth, William J.
Meyerowitz, Leopold
Radin, Moe M.
Borland, Ruth J.
Ely, Zelma B.
Hildick, Eleanor M.
Cox, John S.
Kirsch, William R.
Searles, Alvin G.
Yamin, Joseph

CLASSES 1913

Bernheim, David	351 Thirteenth Avenue
Colyer, Douglas S.	230 Grant Avenue, Nutley, N. J.
Epstein, Isadore E.	108 South Orange Avenue
Hiebel, Therese	20 115th Street, N. Y. C.
Jacobs, Milton A.	265 Seymour Avenue
Lipson, Abraham	514 Hawthorne Avenue
Lipson, Sadie	514 Hawthorne Avenue
Mier, Milton	67 Millington Avenue
Polaner, Sidney	330 South Sixth Street
Van Duyne, Stanley W.	50 Second Avenue
Williams, Olive L. (Mr. Reginald M. Harris),	24 Mitchell Place

Abramowitz, Herman
Block, William
Brams, William M.
Bushby, Robert B.
Epstein, Isadore
Fast, William S.
Ginsberg, Nathaniel
Gray, Leonard
Horn, Edward L.
Kaplan, Harry
Laub, Abraham
Leibowitz, Simon
Lerner, Herman B.
Levy, Max
Lippman, Joseph L.
Lipson, Ben S.
Margerum, John W.
Mattia, Anthony F.
Pape, Herbert
Parisi, Anthony
Platzman, Harry

Vernet, Natalie
Downing, Olive
King, Maine D.
Koester, Lillie
Metzger, Doris
Muller, Henry
Rotonda, Rocco G.
Yamin, Benjamin
Colyer, Douglas S.
Balling, Anna M.
Blackwell, Blanche G.
Bucksbaum, Hortense
Carlson, Edith S.
Cohen, Celia
Doctor, Leonie
Eilen, Esther
Eschenfelder, Agnes
Hanson, Doris E.
Hayes, Sara A.
Meisel, Birdie
Morrissey, Elizabeth

CLASSES 1914

Cobb, Beatriz N.	30 Eleventh Avenue
Cohen, Louis J.	149 Johnson Avenue
Dvorken, Harry	86 Jefferson Street
Gardner, John B.	66 Milford Avenue
Graham, Adrienne M.	83 Sussex Avenue, East Or.
Karrakis, Samuel	19 Seymour Avenue
Klein, Morris H.	123 Monmouth Street
Konwiser, Samuel	8 Shanley Avenue
Kruger, Rudolph	335 Camden Street
Lasser, Aaron	800 South Eleventh Street
Lewandorf, Samuel C.	55 Amity St., Muskegon, Mich.
Lewis, Dr. J. J.	491 High Street
Minisi, Anthony F.	147 Clifton Avenue
Miraglia, Rose M.	98 Wright Street
Whitfield, Arthur L.	61 Prospect St., Belleville, N. J.

Abramson, Minnie
Baer, Jesse
Brohm, William J.
Bryce, Thomas
Burger, Abe A.
Cobb, Beatrice N.
Conlon, Leo F.
Connell, Pauline K.
DeMund, Elsie R.
Galinkin, Maurice
Glassman, Pauline
Gluck, Miriam
Goldstein, Morris
Greenberg, Israel E.
Hood, Edith R.
Karrakis, Samuel
Katzin, Doris H.

Hellthal, Jack
Moosbrugger, Charles
Nelowitz, David
Smith, Edna
Tompkins, Milton
Vail, Charles W.
Benatre, Ernest
Cohen, Abe
Cullen, John
Finney, Ray
Frank, Jacob
Millsbaugh, Robert
Palmer, William
Voelker, Henry
Watts, Charles
Adoff, Edna
Adoff, Irene

THE PIVOT

Kleinberg, Morris H.
Krimke, Ethel B.
Laifer, Florence
Lanes, Samuel
Lesser, Rebecca
Levine, David
Michtman, Harry
Maybaum, Tessie J.
Offen, Samuel O.
Richard, Ida L.
Rumsey, Evelyn
Schmidt, Alex.
Siegal, Anton
Sims, Fredericka
Spector, Edward
Ulrope, Charlotte
Walzer, Irene
Apperson, Charlotte
Barth, William
Brogan, Joseph
Falter, Helena

Bennette, Myrtle
Dedrick, Milton
Durand, Dorothy
Elinsky, Carrie
Elsasser, Louise
Miradia, Rose
Molkinthin, Walter
Schwartz, Henrietta
Stockhammer, Fannie
Wasshowsky, Abe
Alleger, Ruth
Becker, Norman
Bornstein, Ruth
Coles, Josephine
Gallow, Elizabeth
Gardner, Dorothy
Gelb, Rose
Gilhuly, Randolph
Greenbaum, Lena
Isserman, Ferdinand
Isserman, Morris

Reidenbach, Fred
Burger, Rosa
Weiss, Rose
Abramson, William
Allen, Charles A.
Baer, Gustave S.
Barpath, Cecil M.
Brewster, William H.
Eisenstein, Isadore
Friedman, Harry
Gottfried, Henry
Greenfield, Irving
Hoenig, Emanuel
Hooley, John
Koplowitz, Samuel A.
Kreeger, Allan M.
Kuebler, Everett H.
Lasser, Sydney
Lesser, Samuel
Mendelsohn, Rae
Miller, Mervyn
Milone, Louis J.

Schloss, Florence
Scoppetone, Dolce
Steffanelli, Josephine
Walsh, Elizabeth
Walsha, Catherine
Weinberg, Elsie
Weinstock, Etta
Weyrauch, Maud
Fredreick, Renton
Harad, Herman
Jacobus, Alvah R.
Moffitt, Harry R.
Nudelman, David
Phillips, William
Spielvogel, Joseph
Van Houten, Edward
Wurth, Walter
Kohn, Chester
Pertzovitz, Arthur
Starr, Alexander
Herter, Edna

CLASSES 1915

Block, Percy.....195 Plane Street
Danufsky, Samuel E.....239 Littleton Avenue
Englander, Simon.....92 Quitman Street
Flaster, Mollie.....197 Fairmount Avenue
Gallop, Rosemary (Mrs. S. Englander), 92 Quitman St.
Kampf, N. C.....137 19th Ave., Irvington, N. J.
Katzin, Helene S.....149 Johnson Avenue
Koplowitz, Samuel.....532 Harrison Ave., Harrison, N. J.
Kruger, William.....335 Camden Street
Lasser, Harriet R.....782 South Twelfth Street
Lasser, Jacob Kay.....782 South Twelfth Street
Levy, Etta (Mrs. Etta Frankel)
342 Maple St., Perth Amboy, N. J.
Moorfield, Hannah M.....35 Columbia Street
Phillips, Ruth A.....124 North Fifth Street
Schaffer, Dr. Jacob.....53 Peshine Avenue
Schell, H. A.....12 South Twelfth Street
Stahl, Frederica R.....536 Hawthorne Avenue
Wesser, Hannah M.....381 Littleton Avenue
Appel, Benjamin
Axt, Arthur E.
Cohn, Julius
Finkelstein, Abraham
Nalebuff, Harry
Peach, Eggleston
Rubin, Abraham
Schumacher, Harold
Wagner, Chester
Bartenow, Mollie
Eilen, Rose
Lobsitz, Norma
Reilly, Regina
Rumsey, Mildred
Scott, Lucille
Spinner, Fannie
Spitz, Minnie
Vail, Alyse
Walsh, Florence
Cerrato, Charles
Erler, Albert
Hansen, Christian
Kabachnick, Gussie
Koester, Martha
Longfelder, Gertrude
Greene, Walter
Krout, Raymond

Moskowitz, Samuel
Roh, Robert
Scheininger, Milton
Schwartz, Ben
Sobel, Philip A.
Stefanelli, Eugene
Straussberg, George
Tapper, George
Blair, Ethel
Brown, Margaret
Burnett, Helen G.
Danzis, Jennie B.
Dick, Minnie A.
Edwards, Helen D.
Fleet, Julia
Gallub, Rosemary
Gardner, Gladys E.
Hooley, Sue A.
Huberman, Pauline
Judge, Margaret
Kanter, Gertrude
Kestenbaum, Lillian
Lasser, Harriet R.
Levy, Etta G.
Lecuis, Alma
Miller, Ethel
Putscher, Theresa

CLASSES 1916

Abeles, Herbert R.....105 Shanley Avenue
Baer, Fannie E. (Mrs. H. Besser).....110 Sherman Ave.
Ball, Samuel R.....74 Millington Avenue
Cobb, Corrieleazer W.....30 Eleventh Avenue
Cocuzza, Joseph A.....267 Camden Street
Comes, Ruth H.....116 Richelieu Terrace
Corbo, P. C.....149 Clifton Avenue
Darling, H. Merle.....813 South Fourteenth Street
Derrick, William M.....58 North Sixth Street
Douglas, Edward H.....21 Summer Place
Eppston, Harold A.....20 Clinton Street
Groel, John F.....15 Isabella Avenue
Handler, Rebecca.....226 Broome Street
Hughes, Everett J.....207 Mt. Prospect Avenue
Kapp, Albert.....36 Farley Avenue
Kennedy, J. Russell.....181 Sussex Avenue
Lewandorf, Saul L.....151 Chadwick Avenue
Lipson, Minnie.....514 Hawthorne Avenue
Mendelsohn, Edith.....20 Mercer Street
Rasnack, Ernest.....58 College Place
Reisberg, Fannie.....407 South Eleventh Street
Rohr, Edna L.....121 E. 29th St., New York City
Rosnagel, W. Elwood.....108 Chester Avenue
Schadt, Fred A.....708 South Fifteenth Street
Szymanowitz, Raymond.....130 Sherman Avenue
Schneider, Emma.....423 Bergen Street
Colpe, Charles G.
Cone, Jeannette M.
Cryer, John
Donohue, James
Hill, Frank P.
Glucksman, Louis
Hurst, Anna
Laugbein, Edna L.
Loebel, Bertha
Maybaum, Fred C.
Morchower, Elizabeth
Morrison, Fred S.
Rickle, Michael
Siegelson, Charles
Sommer, Tillie
Soschin, Samuel J.
Streeter, Clifford A.
Trachtenberg, Dorothy
Wasserman, Benjamin

Oerkvitz, Rue E.
Pollak, Henry
Rotonda, Anna
Seibert, Margaretha
Silberman, Henry
Silverman, Meyer
Steinberg, Sara
Vandervoort, Warren
Warfield, Mabel
Washburn, Walter
Wolher, Isador
Walling, Gloria
Frank, Abraham
Kaplansky, Albert
Rosnagel, Elwood
Vehslager, Frank
Weich, Herbert
Savage, Howard
Burgesser, Carl

THE PIVOT

Wheelwright, J.
Whittaker, Dorothy M.
Andan, Harold
Berg, Grace
Bleiel, Mary
Chahman, Gladys
Carbo, Basqualino
Englander, Simon
Fast, Mae M.
Gillen, Agatha
Gordon, Sam M.
Grossbart, Rose
Hedden, Miriam G.
Karlins, Isabel
Kermey, Leo
Kiselik, Max
Mahan, Frances B.
Miller, De
Moffett, Agens
Nothstein, Luella
Oakley, Marjory
O'Connor, Lucille

Coombes, Wallace G.
Esposito, Charles
Groel, John
Haring, Albert J.
Jenkins, William Henry
Jones, Arthur H.
Koerner, Theodore
Kroner, Albert J.
Levin, Abraham
Lowenberg, William Louis
Pashkow, Harry A.
Petosa, Raphael A.
Ravitz, David
Roalefs, John A.
Schadt, Fred A.
Sickel, Cooper
Starr, Irving C., Jr.
Steeber, Albert F.
Struening, August F.
Szymanowitz, Raymond
Weiss, Jacob
Wille, Joseph J.

Breitbarth, Abraham
Chivian, Herman
DiGiovanna, Harry
Douglas, Edward H.
Fingerhut, Joseph
Friedman, Edward
Goldstein, Saul
Henderson, J. Wilbur
Horowitz, Jacob H.
Keill, Joseph
Lifshutz, William Law.
Lubowitz, Jules J.
Polak, Harry S.
Stein, LeRoy
Wohl, Abe
Floyd, Eleanor
Mendel, Eleanor
Okin, Rose F.
Seiler, Sarah
Weiss, Fannie
Campbell, Martin
Greenspan, Max
Heyer, Albert B.
Torrey, Russel A.
Yates, Emma
Dwork, Sophie E.
Bronstein, Louis T.
Burger, Saul F.
Ganther, Alfred L.
Gerard, Patrick D.
Goldberg, Max
Lynde, Brudette H.
O'Connor, Peter
Schmon, Gustave
Schneider, Charles
Sozio, Pasquale
Wong, Wing Y.
Woodruff, Victor D.
Baskin, Rose
Blau, Lucille M.
Bornstein, Rose F.
Carless, Elsie
Daniel, Dorothea L.
Davis, Rose
Duffy, Rosemary
Filippone, Alice
Fink, Wilma B.
Goodstein, Mae
Harvey, Marie C.
Kapelsohn, Grace

Daniel, Dorothea Louise
Davis, Rose
Duffy, Rosemary
Filippone, Alice
Fink, Wilma B.
Goodstein, Mae
Harvey, Marie C.
Kapelsohn, Grace
Kempner, Ester
Seifried, Loretta
Walzer, Cecelia Agnes
Alter, Louis H.
Beeger, Joseph F.
Bomse, Samuel
Farrell, Thomas A.
Fausto, Nicholas Arthur
Greene, Wesley L.
Hughes, Donald William
Reiff, Carl
Goldstein, Bessie
Haug, Clara
Koscharreck, Mabel
Lauterwasser, Johanna
Lynch, Agnes C.
MacDonald, Bessie
Miesenzahl, Lillian
Neu, Beatrice
Popper, Gertrude
Schneider, Julia
Shaller, Elsie
Wirtz, Florence
Witheridge, Margery
Auerbacher, George
Brooks, Robert M.
Buckman, William F.
Faver, Ernest Harry
Goldberg, J.
Heimlick, Fred L.
Merrell, George R.
Mockridge, Chester
Schultz, Paul William
Seco, Francis H.
Strouse, Elmer L.
Vreeland, John Marcy
Bouguet, Olive
Morton, Grace
Feldman, Seymour
Franzblau, Nathaniel W.
Guarino, Peter G.
Portugese, Morris

CLASSES 1917

Beattie, C. Stuart.....69 Sussex Avenue
Bolles, Alan S.....618 Clifton Avenue
Carless, Elsie.....27 Ward Pl., South Orange, N. J.
Ceglowski, Walter M.....2 Linwood Pl., Hillside, N. J.
Crowe, Charles P.....437 No. 22nd St., East Orange
Crowley, Mary C.....52 Eckert Avenue
Dinge, Ferdinand C.....432 So. 21st St., Irvington, N. J.
Dippel, Carl D.....463 Clinton Avenue
Downey, Helen B.....1435 Humboldt St., Denver, Colo.
Esposito, Katherine.....18 Garside Street
Fogel, F. Raymond.....97 Highland Avenue
Hiebel, Frances.....911 Monroe Avenue, Elizabeth
Horland, Lee.....72 Market Street
MacClennahan, Evert.....188 Mt. Prospect Avenue
Pearlstone, Dr. Michael M.....178 Spruce Street
Rasnick, Bessie.....58 College Place
Rasnick, Rose.....58 College Place
Shachat, Benjamin.....35 Waverly Avenue
Schaub, Harry P.....29 Nassau Place
Slomniger, Abraham M., D. D. S.....217 So. 6th St.
Trien, Irving.....169 Spruce Street
Cardinale, Pasquale F.
Ciccone, Nicholas C.
Goldberg, David
Greenberg, Max F.
Hand, Edward F., Jr.
Horowitz, Sam A.
Isserman, Abraham
Kritzmacher, Ernest A.
Morgenstern, William
Moffitt, Robert Paul
Navatier, Frederick, Jr.
Porter, Ernest W., Jr.
Primamore, Peter
Rocco, Frank
Rotondi, Goffredo
Salerno, Vito
Schaub, Harry P., Jr.
Steinboch, Isidore
Abramson, Fanny N.
Heid, Minnie
Howard, Grace K.
Offen, Lillian
Tlusty, Ruth
Walling, Florence

Kempner, Ester
Seifried, Loretta
Walzer, Cecelia A.
Alter, Louis H.
Beeger, Joseph F.
Bome, Samuel
Farrell, Thomas
Braelow, Alexander
Bronstein, Louis T.
Burger, Saul Feld
Ganther, Alfred L.
Gerard, Patrick D.
Goldberg, Max
Lynde, Burdette Huson
O'Connor, Peter
Schmon, Gustave A.
Schneider, Charles J.
Sozio, Pasquale
Wong, Wing Y.
Woodruff, Victor Dewey
Baskin, Rose
Blau, Lucille M.
Bornstein, Rose F.
Carless, Elsie

CLASSES 1918

Breder, Charles M., Jr.....23 Humboldt Street
Briechele, Henry.....178 So. Orange Avenue
Crouse, Earl.....286 North Fourth Street
Erlich, William.....119 No. Third St., St. Joseph, Mo.
Gipfel, Cecile.....173 Ridgewood Avenue
Coleman, Rose.....40 Brientnal Place
Hauptman, Evelyn.....921 University Av., Madison, Wis.
Horland, Aaron H.....65 Stirling Street
Klein, Irving T.....8 North Eleventh Street
Krantzohr, Leon.....105 Ridgewood Avenue
Lewandorf, Laura.....151 Chadwick Avenue
Merz, Harold O.....193 South Seventh Street
Nowinsky, Stephen J.....171 Myrtle Av., Irvington, N. J.
Woodward, C. Brower.....496 Summer Avenue
Bauer, William
Brubaker, Russell
Fandel, Samuel
Haufler, Herbert
Hauser, Gerald
Lee, Albert Edward

THE PIVOT

Johnson, William
O'Connor, Charles
Bland, Genevieve
Cohen, Frieda
Donnelly, Clara
Ferguson, Adelia
Gibbs, Alice
Gippel, Celia
Goldsmith, Minnie
Hoffman, Zelda
Horrowitz, Sophia
Meyerson, Rose
Ostrow, Pearl
Ostrowsky, Rose
Reich, Jeannette
Weich, Elsie
Yeskel, Sadie
Collier, Norman
Keller, Isadore
Kellman, Meyer
Lallone, Leopold
Morrison, Jay Walter
Scher, Reuben J.
Storch, John
Bornstein, Florence
Gebel, Celia
Gelman, Susan
Goldstein, Esther
Jamouneau, Beatryce
Lang, Lauretta
Lilliston, Kathleen
Miele, Elizabeth
Noonan, Genevieve
Rothhouse, Fanny
Shaposhnikow, Mary
Steinberg, Emma
Timer, Edith Miriam
Van Dolson, Gladys
Davis, Morris
Friedman, Irving
Gordon, Arthur P.
Halpern, Leo
Lowitz, Max
Berger, Clarence
Briechle, Henry N.
Brown, Abraham

Woodward, Brower
Gray, Adeline
Katz, Fannie
Shaffer, Blanche
Ribbans, Dorothy
Francis, Mamie Elaine
Augenstein, T. C.
Graham, Charles M.
Klein, Irving T.
Seitel, Carl August
Zeckhausen, Leon
Benz, Ruth L. N.
Elias, Helen
Gelfand, Minnie
Hamberger, Ethel
Harmer, Hazel
Levey, Mae
Pearl, Ethel S.
Schwarz, Loretta
Strauch, Minna
Fink, Edward M.
Grubin, Samuel
Housman, Robert
Kapner, Saul
Kranzthor, Leon Irvin
Merz, Harold Oscar
Mintz, Philip William
Spielvogel, Louis
Foote, Dorothy G.
Furnas, Rae D.
Hedden, Grace Ethel
Lewandorf, Laura
Okin, Pearl L.
Schaffer, Rose E.
Siff, Anna H.
Sleep, Iva
Bachman, William L.
Haig, Ronald M.
Hoesley, William R.
Prosch, Walter Richard
Rubin, Morris L.
Smock, Herbert W.
Edelman, Eva
Lilien, Helen
Beckelman, Eleanor

Pressler, Al
Robinson, Earl
Vece, Harris
Van Oesen, Herman
Abramson, Etta
Ashbey, Gertrude
Bartenow, Doris
Ginsberg, Bessie
Greenwald, Lena
Kampf, Mae
Keener, Dorothy
Lerner, Augusta
Meyerson, Louise
Michelstein, Jennie
Minder, Julea
Novak, Wilma
Rittenband, Mary
Rosenbaum, Sadie
Runyon, Ethel
Sehrenzel, Ruth
Sukerman, Nellie
Zalkin, Lillian
Abelson, Louis
Campana, John
Eschhorn, William
Greenberg, Martin
Mandelstien, David
Schenkel, Abe
Creed, Lena
Donner, Esther
Forst, Catharine
Harenberg, Hazel
McKeown, Elizabeth
Park, Ruth M.
Shaposhmkaw, Sarah
Rosenblum, George
Decker, Selma
Kadler, Fannie
Siegal, Elizabeth
Berla, Julian
Freibott, George
Wyman, Olive
Harkary, Samuel
Klugman, Maxwell
Krim, Ben
Landis, Benjamin
Lipschutz, Saul
Prag, Louis
Landenberger, Amelia
Brodetsky, Nathan
Caprio, Daniel
Ehrenkranz, Henry
Gordon, David

Satsky, William
Berlin, Frances
Bertelo, Rose
Epstein, Matilda
Girion, Anna
Hefe, Dorothy
Ostrowsky, Minnie
Satz, Frieda
Stehli, Lulu
Tlusty, Harriet
Witthaeger, Pauline
Blau, Leslie
Calandra, Anthony
Dester, William
Franzblau, Samuel
Hirschcoff, Abraham
Lynch, Albert
Milone, Dominic
Padalino, Frank
Peyser, Julius
Prince, Joseph
Silverstein, Abe
Trautman, Emil August
Trien, Louis
Crowell, Martha
Deutsch, Hilda
Eilen, Dorothy
Feinberg, Rose
Mason, Virginia
Plapinger, Selma
Shaposhnikow, Helen
Sobo, Lillian
Spencer, Vere
Williams, Florence
Dreher, Monroe
Goldberg, Louis
Goldstein, Noah N.
Horwitz, Louis A.
Linnick, Meyer
Oxman, Philip
Cramer, Elsie Mae
Culvert, Mildred M.
Densky, Sophie
Green, Bessie
Lowenstein, Ella
Rasnack, Nettie
Cohenfeld, Harry
Henig, William
Slobin, Barney
Wallowitz, Isidore
Lesser, Israel
Pearson, Harry
Wilkins, Ludo

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Calendra, Anthony A. 248 Fairmount Avenue
Ceglowski, John M. 2 Linwood Pl., Hillside, N. J.
Ginsberg, Saul 48 Fleming Avenue
Guenther, Erma M. 243 Hillside Ave., Hillside
Hauck, Marguerite 351 South Sixth Street
Hirschcoff, A. Theo. 139 Boyd Street
Hueneke, Hattie M. 60 Union Pl., Irvington, N. J.
Minnefor, Chas. A. 301 Fairmount Avenue
Lynch, Albert E. O. 7 Arch Street
Rasnack, Nettie 58 College Place
Schlegel, Pauline M. 327 Morris Avenue
Spencer, L. Vere 573 Summer Avenue
Spitzhoff, Frederick 383 Morris Avenue
Karalinsky, Rose 7 High Fordburg
Johannesburg, South Africa
Seidman, Shirley 2502 Cheever Ave., Far Rockaway
Lenora Mendel 7 Hillside Avenue
Rynone, Mildred 97 Summit Street
Greenblatt, Herman
Nagrodsky, Jacob
Pertzowitz, Herman
Kranzler, Nathan
Medley, Loyal Chester
Philipson, Paul

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Aronod, Russell 75 Wakeman Avenue
Bernstein, Morris M. 83 Somerset Street
Buck, Alice M. 344 High Street
Brueggeman, Carl O. 212 Weequahic Avenue
Grunt, Morris 38 Sixteenth Avenue
Guritzky, Fannie 300 Seymour Avenue
Hahn, Ellis 63 Avon Place
Higsons, Gerald W. 47 Conklin Avenue
Jorgensen, Mary 685 South Twentieth Street
Kapp, Leon 610 Hunterdon Street
Lake, Lillian E. 183 South Tenth Street
Lipkowitz, Anna 164 West Kinney Street
Meirick, Ruth G. 366 Hunterdon Street
Moskowitz, Esther 65 Bloomfield Avenue

THE PIVOT

Petoia, Lillian.....67 Cutler Street
Pennell, Vespasian E.....116 Hunterdon Street
Schlegel, Theresa.....327 Morris Avenue
Schmukler, Jacob.....172½ Belmont Avenue
Schwartz, Albert M.....521 Springfield Avenue
Scully, Harold.....123 Sherman Avenue
Sohnle, George F.....763 Hunterdon Street
St. John, Gladys.....10 Arch Street
Seidenberg, Kitty E.....614 Eighteenth Avenue
Taylor, Helen.....69 Thirteenth Avenue
Tischler, Saul.....15 Somerset Street
Weinstein, Tillie.....44 Peshine Avenue
Wiener, Rose L.....70 Orchard Street
Younghans, Harry T.....22 Twentieth Avenue
Zweibel, Albert S.....74 South Orange Avenue
Mendel, Lenora.....7 Hillside Avenue

Amsterdam, Charles
Breidt, Murray M.
Herman, Louis F.
Levey, William
Lyne, Israel H.
Martino, George C.
Poles, Simon G.
Richman, Harry
Tomey, Herbert J.
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Cohen, Matilda
Dvork, Rose
Goodman, Dorothy
Hasonzahl, Rose
Hauser, Naomi
King, Florence M.
Freibott, Frederick
Keating, Clifton James
Kleiber, Carl F.
Lohse, Frederick
Krauter, Ernest
Remington, Robert S.
Ruff, Henry
Wanderer, Herbert B.
Brief, Otto
Dvork, Harold K.
Martinka, George
Minion, Irving
Naiman, Isadore M.
Schmukler, Jacob
Schwartz, Albert M.
Sosnow, Louis
Dvorken, Hilda
Donnelly, Eugene
Gepner, Philip
Grunt, Morris
Kafka, Ruding C.
Kite, Lewis
Krauter, Paul
Lehmann, Clarence
Rath, Frank M.
Vail, Craig
Weiss, Harry
Capiello, Daniel
Caruba, Robert
Halprin, Hyman
Hattersby, Wm. Joseph
Lepkowsky, Louis B.
Liebowitz, Harry A.
Marx, Milton
Peltz, Benjamin
Rothenberg, David
Baumgarten, Etta
Bohrer, Estelle
Koschorreck, Viola
Liebe, Ethel
Morris, Elizabeth
Zalkin, Rose
Rudoff, Robert N.
Cohen, Sadie
Debreceni, Anna
Gash, Frances
Ginsberg, Rose
Goldman, Lillian
Kleinberg, Rose
Macow, Estelle
Nevius, Alberta E.
Statella, Rose
Brant, H. Arthur
De Vita, Anthony
Altuch, Laura
Binder, Rose
Bohrer, Ida
Cohen, Yetta
Eisner, Laura
Gubsch, Elsie
Guenther, Erna
Hoesley, Nettie F.
Isenberg, Sophie
Jaixen, Hilda C.
Jones, Gladys
Karalunsky, Rose J.
Kesselman, Esther
Kulzer, Frieda G.
Millspaugh, Marion
Oaklander, Ether
Ostrowsky, Esther
Rand, Esther
Rinsky, Rose
Rosen, Anna
Shachat, Anna
Silber, Anna
Staehle, Catherine
Ungerleider, Bertha
Wietzman, Sadie
Wiener, Lena C.
Wilson, Selma
Weltman, Monroe S.
Lippel, Freda
Oliner, Sadie
Seurt, Walter
Bauer, Charlotte
Colt, Anna
Danko, Bertha M.
Denburg, Rose
Farina, Carmelia M.
Heiles, Mildred E.
Horowitz, Esther

Brown, Helen
Buchbinder, Sophia
Connelly, Esther A.
Eisen, Frances
Fein, Annette
Handler, Frances R.
Hemmendinger, Maxine E.
Kinsey, Verna E.
Kleiber, Clara
Kreps, Tillie
Kronengold, Helen
Leichtman, Elsie
Lieb, Sylvia
Lubovitz, Florence J.
Meyer, Elsie N.
Morchower, Flora
Stahl, Mildred S.
Struening, Margaret
Terner, Celia
Slatin, Esther
Buermann, Arthur Wm.
Farrow, Reginald Chas.
Feinseth, Louis J.
Feld, Joseph
Lowitz, Sam S.
Moskowitz, Isidore
Rauch, Alfred
Reiter, Morris
Schottenfeld, Louis E.
Bruns, A. Dorothy
Halprin, Naomi
Katzman, Rose
Meyer, Beatrice
Nicoll, Florenda
Press, Sadie
Bates, Lewis
Bendel, Harold Walter
Carter, Ralph A.
Douglas, George W.
Kiross, Joseph Anthony
Knecht, Leonard D.
Kurtz, Max
Lee, Norman
Meister, George
Morchower, Harry J.
Schiffmeyer, Francis
Schwartz, Alex
Verniero, Domenic E.
Bisch, William
Freedman
Horland, Lee
Kirsch, David
Klatzko, Louis
Reiss, Isadore
Rothstein, William
Shlaer, Simon
Williams, Nellie
Geroff, Ben

Kenny, Kathleen
Kranzler, Rose
Loebel, Florence
Rosenstein, Beatrice
Seibert, Helen
Seidenberg, Kitty E.
Weischedel, Hazel E.
Ratner, Benj.
Sherman, Harry
Sommer, George
Moscowitz, Alice
Nittoli, Mamie
Weiss, Gertrude Sibyl
Appel, Morris
Balsam, Milton
Harrison, Samuel
Kasen, Daniel
Scully, Harold John
Vernids, Nathan
Burness, David
Megaro, Joseph
Rossnagel, Kenneth
Sohnle, George
Kanzian, Eugenia Eva
Katzin, Lillian
Mader, Bertha
Rothe, Mildred
Grabenchick, Isadore M.
Trelease, Chas. G.
Weischedel, Roy I.
Berkelhamer, Rose
Cohen, Rose
Daniel, Ruth
Eagle, Mary M.
Gelfand, Bertha J.
Gellis, Sara B.
Kritzmacher, Edna A.
Kurtz, Jessie Spies
Lippman, Mildred
Pearl, Frances
Peretzman, Henrietta R.
Schein, Cecelia S.
Schlegel, Theresa A.
Silberstein, Rose J.
Telbaum, Gertrude
Waldman, Sophie
Bauder, John
Krafte, Matthew
Yablowsky, Alex
Braelow, Mollie
Lovenberg, Edna E.
Lehrfeld, Jacob
O'Sullivan, Jackson
Deixel, Rose Miriam
Roskein, David
Zimmerman, Edward
Gaubis, Teckla E.

CLASSES 1921

Berk, Bruno
Capiello, Anthony
Charles, Edwin
Freeman, Donald S.
Maud, Harry M.
Marcus, Samuel
Mercy, Eugene M.
Meyerstein, Theodore B.
Mulford, Newton

Zuckerman, Hilda
Suplansky, Alice
Greenbaum, Marguerite
Hupp, Doris B.
La Pow, Dora
Cohn, Harry
Caumont, Robert
Goodman, Samuel
Smullen, Allan B.

THE PIVOT

Spitz, Oscar
 Adlerstein, Pearl P.
 Barton, Esther M.
 Bechnarzyk, Anna R.
 Berk, Alice
 Bosek, Gertrude
 Brenner, Bertha C.
 Eidenbaum, Elizabeth
 Eisenstein, Elizabeth
 Elsky, Helen Florence
 Goldstein, Freda F.
 Guritzky, Lena L.
 Jeppson, Blenda B.
 Kalter, Cecilia
 Karchmar, Esther B.
 Krieger, Eva
 Loebel, Hilda E.
 Mass, Grace
 Mochio, Josephine M.
 Nass, Minnie M.
 Rosenbaum, Lillian T.
 Roth, Betty R.
 Satz, Libbie
 Schott, Dorothea
 Siegel, Matilda
 Solomon, Hilda
 Stumpf, May E.
 Walkland, Leonora M.
 Cohn, Harry
 Davis, Louis
 Guarino, James F., Jr.
 Haskin, Aaron
 Pfeil, Herbert Carl
 Rosenbluth, Arnold
 Ungar, Emanuel
 Adamsky, Irene
 Greenberg, Esther R.
 Michaels, Eva
 O'Connor, Gwendolyn M.
 Wigder, Gertrude V.
 Aurnhammer, Walter L.
 Bauer, Charles
 Elliot, Ward C.
 Lange, G. J. Franklin
 Scholder, Phillip M.
 Somogy, Joseph
 Braff, Joseph N.
 Novick, Jacob
 Perkins, Thomas J.
 Thum, Louis
 Skoloff, Isadore
 Tischler, Max L.
 Posner, Della
 Wintsch, Miriam Martha
 Leser, Ruth M.
 Malcow, Bessie Pearl
 Markowitz, Belle C.
 Praizner, Genevieve F.
 Richman, Bertha V.
 Robertson, Alice
 Sachs, Ida
 Samowitz, Elsie
 Saul, Madeleine E.
 Sholk, Cecelia
 Stadelhofer, Hazel N.
 Stein, Esther V.
 Stein, Mildred P.
 Wexler, Evelyn
 White, Dorothy Mae
 Wilson, Adele

Firth, Bernard
 Howland, Joseph B.
 Moriarity, Joseph
 Turkenvitch, Maurice
 Lustbador, Paul
 Meyer, Albert M.
 Schocket, Joseph G.
 Spector, Philip
 Wohlreich, Jacob J.
 Davis, Samuel
 Furst, Esther Eleanor
 Hammerschlag, Viola
 Levinson, Beatrice Lillian
 Mulgrave, Dorothy I.
 Calder, Lamont Joseph
 Finkel, Samuel
 Letwinks, Elbert
 Powers, Joseph
 Shapiro, Herbert
 Steinberg, Jack
 Baylis, Sylvia C.
 Block, Florence
 Cohen, Esther M.
 Daitch, Matilda D.
 Davidson, Rose
 Dlugitch, Ida
 Donner, F. Leanora
 Fox, Pauline
 Frank, Albertina V.
 Gansl, Adeline
 Grash, Edna May
 Graw, Fannie V.
 Harkavy, Eva
 Kays, Alwena
 Kierman, Florence Eliz.
 Kropke, Charlotte
 Komando, Pearl
 Green, Hattie
 Sherman, Austenia L.
 Baxter, Alfred M.
 Brown, Albert C.
 Glauber, John Jacob
 Heiles, Raymond
 Herman, William
 Ziblat, Harry A.
 Ballin, Jacob A.
 Bellfatto, Horace
 Berlin, Max J.
 Harris, Hyman J.
 Hershoff, Sidney
 Klein, Sam
 Meyer, Herbert
 Silverman, Sylvia
 Braun, Herman
 Brown, Harold J.
 Chadwick, Charles Wm.
 Crosta, William
 Evenchick, Matthew
 Fisher, J. Raymond
 Giuliano, Anthony
 Greenspan, Edward B.
 Kanowith, Ira
 Beck, Bernice
 Breikopf, Anna Selma
 Cohn, Bertha
 Dvores, Dora
 Gordon, Helen
 Kowalski, Margaret H.
 Yareshevsky, Helen
 Abeles, Theodore J.

Gray, Sam
 Hahn, Herbert W.
 Kesselman, Philip
 Kress, John
 Mazzei, Nicholas
 Wesser, Charles
 Wright, J. Clifford
 Girls
 Bonda, Clara
 Brendler, Edna P.
 Chapat, Madeleine M.
 Gauthier, Tillie M.
 Grad, Dorothy
 Graybill, Celia K.
 Grebendick, Bessie
 Haynes, Mazie C.
 Herschaft, Regina
 Hodecker, Ruth E.
 Kaelber, Elsie
 Kantor, Fanny
 Knudson, Alma N.
 Leser, Marian
 Lessin, Bessie
 Levine, Tillie
 Littman, Sara
 Pickarsky, Ella
 Press, Rose
 Ruback, Sara E.
 Schilling, Lydia A.
 Schwitzer, Mildred
 Sigelson, Dorothy
 Silberman, Sabina
 Stern, Sarah
 Trolan, Helen M.
 Van Valkenburgh, Rae
 Wettels, Selma
 Wiener, Esther
 Williams, Dora
 Wilson, Hannah R.
 Woelper, Alma A.
 Hoffman, Anna
 Johnson, Martha
 Lorber, Beatrice
 Losi, Irma
 Malarsie, Elsa
 Notis, Helen
 Peretz, Leonarda
 Rosenbluth, Esther
 Rosenfeld, Sadie
 Rosenstrauch, Matilda

Schwartz, Mildred
 Sirkin, Celia
 Soltz, Rebecca
 Williamson, Arline
 Demeter, Alex
 Murphy, Wm. Wallace
 Bauder, Eleanor A.
 Rich, Lucy
 Schwartz, Celia S.
 Whelen, Ruth H.
 Berkelhamer, Max
 Cohen, Meyer J.
 Gabin, Joseph
 Marcus, Jacob
 Scotch, Morris
 Spiller, Jonah
 Blum, Irving
 Rauch, Alvin
 Wellish, Sanford
 Bouquet, Ruth
 Greenberg, Fannie R.
 Roth, Mildred
 Schreiber, Dorothy
 Braun, Paul J.
 Garb, Samuel
 Gelfand, Benj. A.
 Goldberg, Henry
 Greenwald, Louis
 Klein, Sylvester
 Lerner, Sam S.
 Liebowitz, Nathan
 Marx, Herbert S.
 Mason, Alfred E.
 McKeown, Robert
 Nerenberg, Charles I.
 Pitucco, Frank L.
 Schwartz, Ernest
 Smith, Franklin
 Sokol, Michael
 Berkowitz, Sadie A.
 Block, Corinne C.
 Cherny, Hannah
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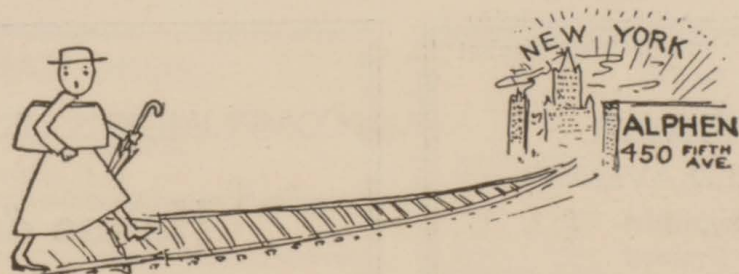
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| 3. Berger, Sophie | 24. Jellinek, Elizabeth |
| 4. Biunno, Antoinette | 25. Klein, Bennie |
| 5. Bocchini, Joseph | 26. Kopko, Mary |
| 6. Breining, Nelson | 27. Lakamp, Elizabeth |
| 7. Cairol, Benedict | 28. Lanzara, Carmine |
| 8. Ciallella, Anthony | 29. Lynch, Paul |
| 9. Cimerella, Adelaide | 30. Marino, Anna |
| 10. Clay, Arthur | 31. Novitch, Samuel |
| 11. Cocuzza, Charles | 32. Ricciardi, Nettie |
| 12. Crane, Ellen | 33. Rizzuti, Ernest |
| 13. Danton, Patsy | 34. Sirkin, Max |
| 14. Freifeld, Jacob | 35. Sorensen, Harry |
| 15. Freifeld, Benjamin | 36. Stupelman, Elsie |
| 16. Friedman, Albert | 37. Tilley, Frank |
| 17. Ghee, Doris | 38. Traub, Anna |
| 18. Ginsberg, Maurice | 39. Verzi, Marie |
| 19. Goldberg, Leonard | 40. Weinstein, Louis |
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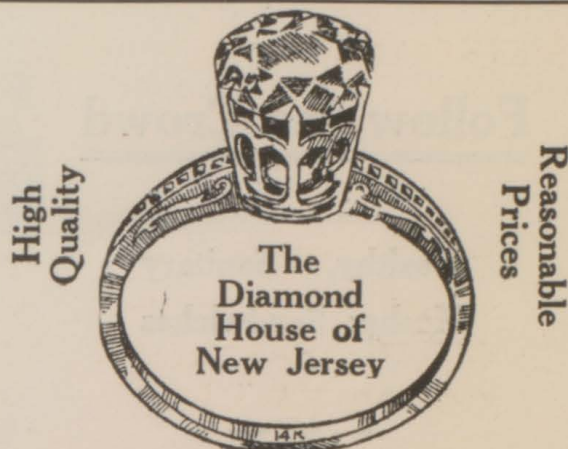
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Bertha Raabe
Sam Aptekar

Sam Berkowitz
Jerome Block
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